

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF

Count *SCHLICK*,
CHANCELLOR to the Emperor
Sigismund, and a Young Lady
of Quality of *Sienna*.

By *ÆNEAS SYLVIVS*, Poet-
Laureat, and Secretary to the same Emperor,
afterwards Pope *Pius* the Second.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Woodward*; 1708.

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AMOURS

OF
COUNT DE VICK,
CHANCELLER OF THE EMPEROR
SIGNIFYING, AND A YOUNG LADY
OF QUALITY OF SICILY.

By MRS. STEVENS, Poet-
Laird and Secretary to the late Emperor
afterwards Pope for the second.

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THE PREFACE.

THE following Treatise of Æneas Sylvius, being a Piece of Admirable Design and Performance, has always been esteem'd by the Ingenious, that understood him in his own Language; and it was therefore thought worthy a Translation, and fit to bring up the Rear of the Now celebrated Madam D'Unnois. I shall not Question the Abilities of this suppos'd, or real Lady, but I may venture to say, that no French Author of this kind (besides her) has the least Pretence to a Rivalship with our Author. The French Performances of this Nature are generally slight, trifling, and little acquainted with Nature, in the Expression of the Passions, and surprizing Incidents of an Intrigue. It is true, indeed, that Æneas Sylvius has the Advantage in placing the Scene of his Amour in Italy, where the difficulty of Access to the Ladies, furnishes more Occasions of uncommon Adventures, and puts the Heads of both the Lady and Gallant on Invention, to find out ways of
deceiving

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deceiving a Jealous Husband and watchful Spies; but the free Conversation of the Women of France makes the success more easy, and the Passion by Consequence less violent. So that indeed all their Amours may be call'd Gallantries, little Lam-bent Flames, which never arrive at Force enough to cause those raging Emotions of Desire, which Constraint and Difficulty create in Italy. This has furnish'd Aeneas Sylvius with the Opportunity of giving us the Lineaments of Passions, which we can only find in the Ancients, and which the French Authors are little acquainted with.

There is yet another Advantage which our Au-thor has above the Monsieurs, in writing on a real not fictitious Story. For tho' he gives his Lo-uers the Names of Eurialus and Lucretia, it is plain from a Passage in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Count of Schlick, that he drew his Pi-cture from the true Adventures of that Lord. It is granted, that a great Genius can form a Story more Excellent, than common Life; can keep up the Characters, give us more just and stronger Lineaments of the Passions, than we meet with every Day; as is plain from Homer, So-phocles, Euripides, Virgil, Ovid, and the like; but then by the singular Force of their Genius they keep whole Nature in view, and draw her in the Abstract, and the general Features of the whole Kind. But alas! to hope any such Ex-cellence from a French Author, is in vain. For in these gayer Performances they are led a-way by their native airy Temper, from all Justice

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of Thought, and draw at best but particular Faces; while *Aeneas* and the *Ancients* give us general Nature.

Aeneas Sylvius was likewise a Scholar, had study'd Books and Men; had blended the College and the Court so happily, as to have the Force, and not stiffness of the former; and the Genteelness, and not Ignorance of the latter. For tho' Arts are not much learn'd at Courts, or much encourag'd there; yet a Man of Art, by the Court polishes his Learning, and gains a pleasing Mode of Writing, if not thinking, at least in Gayety, and Amour, and their just Expression. He was a Poet of that Consideration in his Age, as to be made Imperial Poet to *Sigismund* the Emperor, and his Secretary besides. From whence he made his way to be Secretary in the Council of Basil; and by the several steps of Bishop and Cardinal, to the triple Diadem it self.

The Occasion of his writing this Story, he gives us both in his Epistle to Count Schlick, and in his Prologue to *Marianus Sozinus* of Sienna, which in Justice to the Author, I shall here Translate.

THE PREFACE.

The Epistle Dedicatory of Æneas Sylvius, to Count Schlick.

To the most Magnificent, and most Generous Knight, the Lord *Caspar Schlick*, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Lord of *Newcastle*, Chancellour to the Emperour, &c.

Æneas Sylvius imperial Poet and Secretary, sendeth Health, &c.

M*Arianus Sozinus* of *Sienna*, my Country Man, a Man of an affable and easy Temper, and of so general Extent in all manner of Literature, that I believe, I shall not easily find his Fellow; has lately very much importun'd me to describe to him two Lovers; he was indifferent, whether the Story were a Poetical Fiction or a Reality. You know that he is a Man worthy the Name of Man, yet you will be surpriz'd at my Account of him. Nature has been parsimonious to him in nothing but Stature. He is indeed a very little Person, and ought to have been of my Family, whose Surname of *Piccolomini*, signifies *little Men*. He is Eloquent, and Learn'd in both the Canon and Civil Law; he is acquainted with all Histories, skillful in Poetry, writes Verse both in *Latin* and the *Tuscan Tongue*; is as great a Philosopher as *Plato*; in Geometry equal to *Boetius*; in Arithmetic to *Macrobius*; he can play on all Manner of Musical

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sical Instruments; and is, as knowing in Agriculture as *Virgil* himself. There is nothing of Civil Affairs that he is Ignorant of. While yet he was Fresh, and in the Bloom and vigour of his Youth, he was a perfect Master in all the vigorous Exercises of his Age, nor cou'd be vanquish'd in any of them by any of his Cotemporaries. The Vessels of lesser Bodies sometimes gain a Value from their smallness, as Jewels and precious Stones may Witness. And as *Statius* says of *Tydeus*,

Major in exiguo regnabat Corpore Virtus.

The lesser Bulk, the larger Soul contain'd.

Had the Gods but given him Beauty and Immortality, he had been a God. But no Mortal Man ever possess'd all things; and I never knew any Man, who wanted less than *Marianus*. Nay, he is learn'd in the most inconsiderable Things. He paints like another *Apelles*; and nothing can be more Correct and Beautiful, than those Manuscripts, which he has wrote. *Praxiteles* was not a better Carver; nor is he ignorant of Physic: to all which admirable Qualifications I must add the Mortal Virtues, which govern and direct others. I have in my Time known several Persons, that have given themselves to the study of Letters, make a great Progress in Learning, but they have nothing of Urbanity and the Civilities of Life; they know not how to govern
either

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either themselves, or others; neither the public, nor their own private Affairs. *Plagarens* was surpriz'd and amaz'd at his Bailiff, and accus'd him of Theft, when he told him, that his Sow had farrow'd eleven Pigs, and his Ass but one Colt. *Gomicius* of *Milan* thought himself with Child, and long expected to be brought to Bed, because in Generation his Wife had taken his Place; and yet these Men are look'd on as the greatest Lights of the Civil Law. In others you find either Pride or Avarice. But this Man is extreamly Generous, and his House is always full of honourable Acquaintance; he is Enemy to none; he defends the People; Comforts the Sick; helps the Needy; assists the Widows; and never disappoints the Hopes of any one that wants him. His Countenance, like *Socrates*, is always the same. He is undaunted in Adversity; and never puffed up with the greatest Prosperity; he knows so well the Principles of Cunning, not to reduce them to Practice, but to be on his Guard against them; doated he is on by his Fellow Citizens, and belov'd by Strangers; he is hateful nor cruel to none. But I do not know the Reason, that has induc'd a Man, furnish'd with so many Virtues, to desire a thing of that Lightness. I only know this, that I ought to deny him nothing. For when I liv'd at *Sienna*, I had a peculiar Love for him; nor is my Love diminish'd tho' divided. And as he was endow'd with

all

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all other admirable Qualities of Nature, so was he most Eminent for this, That he never let any Man's Love to him be Barren, and without some Benefit.

I cou'd not, therefore, think, that the Requests of such a Man ought to be neglected; and for the Reason I have wrote the Adventures of two Lovers, without Fiction. The Affair happen'd at *Sienna*, during the Abode of the Emperor *Sigismund* in that City; you were there at the same Time, and if I may believe my Ears, you bestow'd some of your Time and Address in Love. It is the City of *Venus*. Your Friends, who know you well, say that you were there much in Love, and that no Body was more Gallant, than your self; and believe, that there was no Amour past, at that Time that you had not some Knowledge of. I therefore desire you to read over this History, and see whether I have wrote Truth or not; blush not if it call to your Mind any Transactions of Yours, that were like these, since you were a Man, and therefore subject to the Frailty of Man. *He who never was in Love, is either a Stone or a Beast.*

Farewell.

Whether his Friend Sozinus Merited this extraordinary Character, or whether Aeneas Sylvius, heightned that to justify his writing on so Amorous a subject at the Age of Forty, I shall not determine. The following Prologue will set it in a plainer Light.

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The P R E F A C E

The P R O L O G U E.

Aeneas Sylvius, Poet and imperial Secretary,
to his Fellow Citizen *Marianus Sozinus*,
Professor of both Civil and Canon
Law, Health.

YOUR Request is not agreeable to my Age, and quite opposite and repugnant to yours. For what can I, who draw near to Forty, write of Love, or you of Fifty hear? Love is a Theme, that pleases the Ears of Youth, and feeds on their tender Hearts. Love is as improper a Discourse to the Old, as Prudence is to the Young. Nor is there any thing more odious and ridiculous than when Old Age discovers an Affectation of Amours without strength. You may indeed find some Old Men, that Love, but you never can find one belov'd. For old Age is despis'd in Marriage and Addresses to the Fair. A Woman never Loves any Man, that is not in his Vigour and Lusty-hood. If any one wou'd persuade you to the contrary, he wou'd but impose on you. I know very well, that it is not proper for my Years to write of Love, when I am now past the Noon, and turning on the Evening Life. But then I know, that it is equally improper for your Request, as for my Performance. It is my Duty to obey you, you must therefore take care what you Command me. Your superiour Age imposes the Duty

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Duty of Obedience on me by the Laws of Friendship; which if your Justice is not afraid of infringing by your Commands, my Folly shall not fear to transgress by obeying them. I have receiv'd so many Benefits from you, that I can deny nothing to your Desires, altho' mixt with something less honourable. I shall, therefore, now obey that Request, which you have now ten Times repeated; nor will I any longer refuse what you ask'd with such Importunity. Yet I shall not, as you desire, feign a Story, nor make use of my Poetical Right, as long, as it is in my Power to write a Truth. For who is so fond of Falshood, as to lye, when he can speak the Truth to more Advantage? Because you have often been in Love, and yet want not Fire, you wou'd have me write a Story of two Lovers. 'Tis a Proneness to Amour that will not suffer you to be Old. I will be complaisant to your Inclinations, and I will rouze all the amorous Spirits of this grey headed Lover. Nor will I have Recourse to Fiction, where I have so great a plenty of Truth. For what is more common all about the World? What City, what Village, what Family is free from Examples of this Kind? What Man past Thirty, has done no Exploit for the sake of Love? I form my Conjecture from self, whom Love has expos'd to a thousand Dangers. I thank the Powers above, that I have a thousand Times escap'd the Ambushes

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Ambushes laid for me; more happy, than *Mars*, whom *Vulcan* caught in his Iron Net, in the Embraces of *Venus*, and expos'd them to the Laughter of the rest of the Gods.

But I will rather choose to relate others Amours, than my own, least that by stirring up the Embers of the old Fire, I shou'd yet find some spark alive. The Love I shall give you an Account of, is full of wonder, and almost incredible, with which the Breasts of the two Lovers were on Fire. Nor will I have Recourse to old forgotten Amours, but the violent Flames of our own Time. I will not entertain you with the Loves of *Troy* or *Babylon*, but of our own Native City, tho' one of the Lovers was born nearer the Northern Pole.

Some Profit may perhaps be drawn from this very Story. For since the Lady, which is the Argument of the following Discourse, having lost her Lover, breath'd out her Soul full of Grief and Indignation; and the Gallant never after enjoy'd a perfect Satisfaction; it may be a just and timely warning to Youth, to avoid such Criminal Amours. Let, therefore, the Young Ladies hear, and gather this Lesson from what I relate, never to ruin themselves in engaging in Love with Young Gallants. This Story instructs Youth not to List themselves in a Warfare, that yields more Gall, than Honey; but casting off Lewdness and the furious Dictates of Lust;

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Lust, which make Men mad, they apply themselves wholly to Virtue, which only can make a Man Happy. If any one knows not the Multitude of Evils and Mischiefs, that lie conceal'd in so specious a Name as Love, here he may have a full view of them.

Farewel, my Friend, and pray lend your Attention to the perusal of that Story, which you commanded me to write.

These two Letters, and what I have said already, will be sufficient for the Author. I shall only add for the Translation, that I have kept as near the Authors diction as was agreeable to the Difference of the Languages; that I have never made any scruple to add, where the Author gave a Hint worth the improving; and have ventured to leave out, what I thought might prove tedious to an English Reader. In the main, I hope I may pretend to have done Æneas Sylvius Justice, and given him such an English Garb, as very few of our Modern French Authors wear, when they visit us in the British Tongue.

The Moral of this Fable or rather History is very Good, and yet so general as to be extended to all of this Nature, that are justly writ, but the French generally make the Offenders very easy, and meet no Punishment but what they find in the Infidelity of each other.

T H E

THE HERALD

and which make them more than
the whole of the world, which only can
make a man happy. If any one knows
not the multitude of evils and miseries
that he is troubled in to procure a Name
as I am, there he may have a full view of
them.

I thank you very much, and pray send your
Answer to the Editor of the Spectator, which
you accompanied me to write.

I hope you know, that when I have said
this, and he has said the other, I
shall not add for that I suppose, that I have
kept in mind the Author's intention as well as
the to the Disposition of the Language; that I
have been made and become to me, where the
Author gave a full view of the improving;
and have continued to keep out, what I thought
might prove a hindrance to an English Reader.
In the mean time, I have been obliged to have
shown Francis Sylvius Justice, and given him
said as English Case, as any two of our Mo-
dern French Authors will, when they come to
be the French Language.

The Author of the first or second History is
very good, and so is general as to be extended
to all of that Nature, that is, the whole, but
the French Language, which is the object of my care,
and need no Punctuation, and what they had in
the beginning of each other.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Count SCHLICK, &c.

EVERY Body already knows with what Pomp and Magnificence *Sienna*, the Place of both our Nativities, receiv'd the Emperor *Sigismund*. They built a Palace for his Reception, near the Church of St. *Martha*; where, after the Ceremony of the Day, when he arriv'd, he was met by four Matrons, almost of equal Quality, Beauty, Age and Habit. Any one might easily mistake them for Goddesses, confessing nothing Mortal in their Aspect and Appearance. Had they been but three, they might well have pass'd for *Venus*, *Juno* and *Pallas*, that appear'd to the Royal Shepherd, in the solitude of Mount *Ida*.

The Emperor *Sigismund*, tho' in Years; being of a very amorous Temper, took no greater Delight than in his Conversation with the Ladies; nor cou'd Nature afford him any thing more pleasing, than the Sight of a Beautiful Woman. As soon, therefore, as he cast his Eye on these four Ladies,

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leaping

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leaping from his Horse he was receiv'd by them, and turning to his Attendants, full of Surprize and Satisfaction, frequently ask'd them if they had ever beheld such Charms before? *For my Part* (said he) *I know not what to determine, whether they are Women, or Angels, at least I am sure they have heavenly Faces.*

While the Emperor was so loudly zealous in their Praise, a modest Blush o'er spread their Faces, and their bashful Eyes fixt themselves on the Ground, but that which set their modesty in a better Light, gave a height'ning to their Beauty: The *Indian* Ivory stain'd with the purple Violets, and the ruddy Rose mingled with the Lily, cast no such beauteous Colours, as their Cheeks.

Among these there was a Lady nam'd *Lucretia*, who shone above the rest with superior Light and Grace. She was not yet Twenty Years of Age, of the Family of the *Camilli*, but was marry'd to one *Menelaus*, a Man of very great Wealth, but far unworthy of having so much Youth and Beauty under his Jurisdiction, but thoroughly worthy of the Honour of being deceiv'd and impos'd on by his Wife, and furnish'd with the largest Brow-antlers in the World. *Lucretia* was taller, than all the rest; she had an Abundance of Hair, and that bright as Threads of burnish'd Gold, which was not ty'd close back like that of a Maid, but interwoven with Jewels and Gold; her Forehead was open and of a just Largeness, not ruffled with the least Wrinkle; Her Eye-brow Black and drawn in an exact Bow, and separated from each other by a regular Interval: Her Eyes darted Beams so fierce, that like those of the Sun they made the beholders Blind. With these she cou'd either kill, or revive whom she pleas'd: Her Nose drawn in a direct line and just Height, with equal Bounds divided the Rosie Provinces of her Cheeks, than

than which nothing cou'd be more lively ; or more delightful, especially when a graceful simile form'd in each a Charming Dimple, which none cou'd behold without a desire of kissing : Her Mouth was small and Charming, her Lips of Coral-hue, discover'd a wondrous Aptness for the amorous Bite : Her Teeth small and ev'n look'd like Mother of Pearl, her tremulous Tongue, when it mov'd seem'd, to send forth not meer Words but Harmony in Perfection. What shou'd I say of the Beauty of her Chin, or the Whiteness of her Neck ? Since there was no Part of her Body or Face, that was not worthy of a Panegyric. Men judg'd of the inward Beauty of the Mind, by the Exterior Charms of her Person. No Body that saw her, but Envy'd the Happiness of her Husband, who was sure to have as many Rivals, as his Wife had Beholders. Besides these the general Air of her Face discover'd a thousand, engaging, and peculiar Graces. As to her Speech, what Tradition gives us of the Discourse of *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, or the Daughter of *Ortesius*, was true of her, for nothing cou'd be more sweet and modest, than what she said. She made not a show of Honesty, with a sour and supercilious Look, as most of her Sex affect to do, but discover'd a visible Modesty in a cheerful Countenance ; not dash'd with a too bashful Rusticity, nor too forward and bold in her Deportment, but bore a masculine Soul in her Female Heart, temper'd with a becoming Modesty. The Ornaments of her Dress were various, every where distinguish'd with Jewels and precious Stones ; her Head-dress was both graceful and rich, and her Fingers adorn'd with Diamond Rings of considerable Value. *Helen* discover'd ; not more bewitching Charms that Day, when *Menelaus* first had *Paris* for his Guest ; nor was *Andromache* set

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out with greater Magnificence on the Day of her Marriage to *Heſſer*.

In this beauteous Company was *Catharine* the Wife of *Petrucio*, who dying soon after this Solemnity, had *Cæſar* himſelf in the Train of her Mourners, having before devoted her Infant Son to the Service of the Emperor; a Lady of uncommon Charms, tho' much Inferior to thoſe of *Lucretia*. Every ones Mouth was full of the Beauties of *Lucretia*, and *Lucretia* was the whole Subject of every Diſcourſe. She had the tribute of *Cæſar's* Praise, and that of the whole Court, and drew the Eyes of all that were preſent to what ever Place ſhe turn'd her ſelf. As it is ſaid, that *Orpheus* by the Pow'r of his Lute drew Woods and Rocks to his Harmony, ſo did *Lucretia* by her Eyes all, that beheld her. But *Eurialus* of *Franconia*, whoſe Perſon and Wealth made him extreamly fit for a Lover, was more, than all the reſt, and beyond the Bounds of Juſtice, born by an impetuous Paſſion to be her peculiar Devote: He was not yet quite thirty two Years of Age, of a middle Statute, of a gay and graceful Mein, ſprightly Eyes, ſoſten'd with an engaging Sweetneſs, and all other Parts of his Body compoſing a graceful Maſteſty of Maſculine Beauty. The other Courtiers after a long Campaign were not ſo well dreſſ'd, or ſo plentifully furniſh'd with Gold; but he by his own paternal Wealth and Eſtate, and the ſingular Advantage of the peculiar Friendſhip and Favour of the Emperor, which drew to him abundance of Preſents, appear'd ev'ry Day more Splendid in the Eye of the World. He was follow'd by a long Train of Servants; he one Day wore his Cloaths all over Embroider'd with Gold, another Velvet ennobl'd with the *Tyrian* Dye, and every Day vary'd his Equipage with ſome new Pomp and Magnificence. His
Horfes

Horses were such as the Fables tell us, came to the Siege of *Troy* with *Memnon*. In short, there was nothing wanting, but quiet and ease to kindle up that kindly Warmth of Mind, which we call Love. But Youth, and that Luxury of good Fortune, by which Love is nourish'd, prevail'd ; and *Eurialus* was now no longer Master of himself ; he no sooner saw *Lucretia*, but his Heart took Fire, and dwelt on her Face ; he thought he cou'd never satisfy his desire with looking upon her, nor did his Love prove Vain. The Event was wonderful. The Number of handsome Men was great ; but *Lucretia* chose only *Eurialus* ; nor was the Train of beautiful Ladies inconsiderable, yet *Eurialus* cou'd think of none but *Lucretia*.

'Tis true, they were not so happy, as to be sensible at that Interview of the mutual Flame, they had caus'd in each others Breast, but both had the Pain to fear, that each lov'd without any Return from the Person belov'd. As soon, therefore, as the tedious Ceremony of *Cesar's* Entry and Reception were over, and each retir'd to their Apartment, *Lucretia's* Mind was wholly possess'd with *Eurialus*, and his entirely taken up with *Lucretia* ; she cou'd think of him alone, and he only of her.

Who after this will be surpriz'd at the Amour of *Piramus* and *Thisbe*. Their Neighbourhood gave the first Steps to their Passion, which from the Opportunity of their adjoining Houses in Time grew to a Head. But this Couple never saw one another before, or had the least Preparation by a preparatoy Report, till that Moment unknown even by Name to each other. He was a *Franconian*, she a *Tuscan* ; nor did the Tongue do the Office of a Mediator, the Eyes only did the Work completely, by pleasing one another at first View.

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Lucretia, being therefore thus deeply wounded by Love, and burning with a Secret but violent Fire, forgets, that she is marry'd, hates her Husband Heartily; and nourishing the Amorous Wound in her Bosom, she there hugs the dear Image of *Eurialus*, now deeply fixt in her Heart, nor allows any Rest to her Body, nor quiet to her Mind, till thus she Reasons with her self.

‘ I know not what is the matter (*says she to her self*) I can no longer bear my Husband’s Company; I take no Pleasure in his Embraces; his Kisses are tasteless; his Discourse odious; the Image of that lovely Stranger I saw so near *Cesar* is perpetually before my Eyes; drive away if thou canst, *Lucretia*, those guilty Flames from thy chaste Bosom! But alas! cou’d I do that, I were no longer Sick, as I am! I find a new and unknown Force drag me away, which I cannot resist: Desire persuades one thing; but Justice another! I know which is best, yet I must follow, that which is worst. Where alas is my Honour? The Sense of my Quality? What have I to do with this Foreigner? Why do I thus burn with a Passion for a Man of a distant Country? And why am I so mad as to wish to share the Bed of a Person of quite another World? If I am weary of my Husband, this City may sure afford an agreeable Gallant? But alas! how soft, and yet how Majestick his Face? Who is there but must be Charm’d by his Beauty, Age, Quality and Virtue? At least I find he has found the way to my Heart; and I must perish unless he afford me Relief; But oh! may the Fates be far more propitious But O monstrous shame! shall I betray my chaste Nuptial-Bed to a Stranger of whom I know nothing at all; and who perhaps, as soon as he has abus’d my Embraces, shall go quite away, be
‘the

' the Husband of some other too happy Woman,
 ' and leave me behind unvalu'd, and unthought of?
 ' But his Looks, the Nobleness of his Mind, and
 ' the graceful Form of his Person promise no
 ' such Evils, as to make me dread any Treachery
 ' from him, or that he shou'd ever forget the
 ' Tenderness of my Love! Besides he shall first
 ' plight me his Faith in Ten thousand binding
 ' Oaths to be Constant. Why in the midst of
 ' security shou'd I be so fearful of Danger?
 ' Away, away, ye idle Terrors, I banish you all
 ' my Bosom. My Beauty is not so very small
 ' but that he may desire me with an equal Ardor.
 ' He will always owe himself to me, if I once
 ' admit him to my Embraces. How many pester
 ' me with their Addresses where-ever I go. How
 ' many Rivals spend the Evening at my Doors
 ' without any Regard? No more, O Love! I
 ' surrender to thy Power, and I will apply my
 ' self to thy direction. This lovely Man shall
 ' either stay here with me, or take me with him
 ' where ever he goes. — But shall I then abandon
 ' my Mother, my Husband and my Country?
 ' my Mother is Severe and Cruel, and ever an
 ' Obstacle to my Pleasures: I had rather be with-
 ' out my Husband, than suffer his Cares; and
 ' that only is my Country, where I find Pleasure
 ' in living. But I shall lose my Fame, my Repu-
 ' tation! But what are the idle Rumours of Men
 ' to me, which will never come to my Ears? He
 ' that is too cautious of his Fame will never ven-
 ' ture upon any bold and brave undertaking.
 ' Besides, I have abundance of Examples to justify
 ' my Conduct. *Helen* gave her consent to the
 ' Rape, and *Paris* bore her not away against her
 ' Inclination. What shou'd I mention *Ariadne*,
 ' or *Medea*? No body condemns them who err
 ' with a Multitude.

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In this manner did *Lucretia* spend the wakeful Nights, and tedious Days, in arguing with herself to strengthen her Cause, and justify that Guilt, to which she had already surrender'd her Heart. Nor had *Eurialus* less furious Contests in his Bosom, and Tumults in his Mind. *Lucretia's* House was just in the Mid-way, betwixt the Court and his Lodgings; nor cou'd he pass to the *Palace* but he must see her, shewing her self out of her Windows. But *Lucretia* always blush'd e'ery time she saw *Eurialus*, which made the Emperor himself sensible of her Love. For riding up and down as his Custom was, and often passing this way, he had made it his Observation, that she immediately chang'd colour on the Approach of *Eurialus*, who was always as near him, as *Mæcenas* was to *Augustus*. Turning himself to him (said the Emperor) *Do you observe Eurialus how you wound the Ladies Hearts? This Lady has certainly a Passion for you.* And sometimes as if he envy'd the happy Lover, he wou'd draw *Eurialus's* Hat over his Eyes, when he came to *Lucretia's* House, saying, *You shall not see her whom you Love, I only will enjoy this sight.* May it please your Majesty, I take this for no sign of Love at all, reply'd *Eurialus*, but this Action of your Majesty's may be prejudicial to the Lady, by giving them a suspicion of what there is no ground for, for upon my Honour I have not the least Affair with the Ladies on my Hands at this time.

The Horse of *Eurialus* was of a light redish colour, beautiful in its shape, and fit for so accomplish'd a Rider; so full of Fire, that when the Trumpet sounded he cou'd not be kept without motion, curveting, and pawing the Ground with his Hoofs e'ery way, discovering his Ardour at the Martial Musick. *Lucretia* was not wholly unlike this Horse, when she saw *Eurialus*, who, tho' when

when alone she had resolv'd to shut up all the Avenues to Love, yet when she once beheld him she set no bounds to her Passion or her self: But as a dry Field of Corn set on Fire, is more inflam'd by the blasts of the adverse Wind, so burnt the unhappy *Lucretia* at the sight of her *Eurialus*.

The Wise Men are certainly in the right, who tell us, that Chastity is only to be found in the humble Cottage; and, that Poverty alone feels Passions without Guilt; which is confin'd to a little Hut, while Palaces, and noble Structures are wholly unacquainted with Chastity. Who ever enjoys a prosperous Fortune, abounds in Luxury, and always pursues what he has not yet enjoy'd. Lust has chosen for her abode, magnificent Structures, and the large spread Palaces of unwiedly Fortune.

Lucretia having such frequent sight of *Eurialus*, was unable any longer to contend with her Passion, but wholly now apply'd her Thoughts to reflect whom she shou'd make a Confident in her Amour, since the Fire, that is deny'd a Ventr, burns more fiercely. She had among her Husbands Servants an Old Fellow, a *German* by Birth, and by Name *Sofias*, faithful to his Master, having liv'd a great while in his Service. This Man the poor Love-sick Lady tries to bring to her Devotion, confiding more in his Country, than the Man. One Day the Emperor was to pass by her House, follow'd by a very Numerous Train, when *Eurialus* was near she calls to *Sofias*—come hither Good *Sofias* (said she) *I have a little business with you—look down out of the Window—What Nation can boast of such Men as these. See how all their curled Hair falls in comely Ringlets down their Shoulders! What charming Faces, all supported with Necks of Ivory? which way so ever they turn them-*

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themselves, what Courage, and Vigour they discover in their Bosoms? This is quite another sort and species of Men, than what our Climate produces! These are certainly of the Seed of the Gods, and of a Heavenly Race! Ob! that Fortune had bountifully bestow'd one of these Demi-Gods on me for a Husband! Had not my Eyes been witness of this Miracle, I shou'd never have believ'd thee telling such Wonders, tho' Fame allows, that the Germans excel all the rest of Mankind. I believe abundance of the Snow of their Northern Clime is convey'd into their Complexion. But do you know any of them. Most of them (reply'd *Sofias*.) Do you know Eurialus the Franconian, pursu'd Lucretia? As well as I do my self (answer'd *Sofias*.) But why; Madam; do you ask me that Question? I'll tell thee (reply'd *Lucretia*) confident that the Help, which I desire from your good Nature, will not vanish into Air. There is no Man, in all this Retinue of the Emperor, that is so agreeable to me, as this Eurialus, 'tis he that has disturb'd my Mind; I find my Breast burn with I know not what Fires: I can neither forget him, nor restore my Peace of Mind, unless I make my Condition known to him. Go, my good *Sofias*, seek out Eurialus; tell him, I love him; this is all I desire of thee, nor shall you bear this Message without a Reward.

' Dear Madam (reply'd *Sofias*) what is this you
' tell me? Do you think me capable, Madam, of
' doing such a Villany, so much as ev'n in Thought?
' What betray my Master? Shall I in my Old
' Age venture into Treachery, which in my
' Youth, I always abhorr'd. Rather, most Noble
' Lady, reflect on your Illustrious Blood, drive
' away these abominable flames from your Chast
' Breast, nor listen to the Flatteries of a pernicious
' Hope; extinguish this Infernal Fire. The
' Difficulty of resisting Love is not great, if you
' check his first Insults; While he that nourishes
' the

' the sweet Evil by soothing it, delivers himself
' up to the hard Tyranny of an insolent Lord;
' and puts on a cruel Yoke which he cannot
' cast off when he would. But shou'd your
' Husband come to know this, what intolerable
' Punishments wou'd he inflict; and no Amour
' can long be kept a Secret.

*Hold thy peace, good Sofias, (interrupted Lucretia)
here is no Room for Terror, for he that fears not to
die fears nothing. I am ready to bear whatever Event
my Love shall bring upon me.*

' Alas! my unhappy Mistress, (reply'd Sofias)
' Whither does a blind Passion hurry you? Will
' you make your House infamous; and be the only
' Adulteress of your Family? Can you think your
' self safe in your Guilt, when there are a Thou-
' sand Eyes, that observe you? Neither your Mo-
' ther, nor your Husband, your Relations, nor
' Maids will suffer this Crime to be secret.
' Shou'd the Servants be faithful, and silent, the
' very Beasts themselves wou'd reveal the Wick-
' edness; and the very Dogs, Pillars, and Marble
' of the Walls accuse you aloud. But shou'd you
' keep the secret from all here, you cannot from
' him, who sees all things, God. Reflect on the
' present Pain, in the Terrors of Conscience;
' a Soul full of Guilt, fearing ev'n it self?
' There is no Confidence, no Trust in great
' Crimes: I beg you to stifle the Flames of impious
' Love; expell the horrid Crime from your
' Chast Mind, and have a Wise Fear of admit-
' ting a strange Intruder to a share in your Hus-
' band's Bed.

*I confess (reply'd Lucretia) all that you have said
is very true, I allow it; but the Victorious Madness
compels me to follow the worse and contrary Course.
My mind knows the deadly Precipice, on the brink of which
it stands, and knowing that jumps headlong into Ruin;
the*

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the frenzy prevails, and rules my Heart, and powerful Love tyrannizes through all my Person. I am resolv'd to follow, whatever the Dominion of Love Commands. Alas! alas, I have too long struggled with the mighty pow'r in vain. Carry therefore, if thou hast any Pity on my Misery, my Message to the Man I love.

*Sofias on this sent forth a most pityful Sigh, and falling on his knees proceeded.—‘ I beg
‘ you, Madam, by these grey Hairs of my Age,
‘ and this Breast worn out with Cares, and that
‘ Fidelity which I have always shew'd in my
‘ long Service to your Parents, put a stop to
‘ your Fury, and help your self, half the Cure
‘ is the will to be cur'd.*

I have not (said Lucretia) lost all my Modesty, I will follow your Advice, good Sofias; the only Refuge that is left for this Evil, I will flie to, and that is death, which alone can prevent this Wickedness.

*Sofias frighten'd with so dire a Resolution, cry'd, ‘ Moderate, Madam, this unruly Rage of
‘ your Mind, appease this Fury; you that think
‘ your self worthy of Death, are worthy of
‘ Life.*

No, 'tis decreed (interrupted Lucretia) that I will die. The Wife of Collatinus kill'd her self, after she had suffer'd the Adulterous Embrace; but I will anticipate the wickedness by a Generous Death; every thing will easily furnish me with the means of that, a Dagger, Poison, or throwing my self from hence into the Street; it is just that I revenge the forfeiture of my Chastity; and this is all now that I shall attempt.

I will not suffer it (said Sofias. Alas! (reply'd Lucretia) you'll struggle in vain, for when the Mind is bent on Death, it is impossible to prevent it; for when the Sword was taken from Portia, Cato's Daughter, on the Death of Brutus, she swallow'd burning Coals.

‘ If

‘ If so dire a fury Possesses your Mind (said *Sofias*) we are rather to Consult your Life than Fame. Reputation is often Fallacious, a good one being bestow’d on an evil Man, and one that is worse on a Man of Honour. I will try this *Eurialus*; and diligently apply my self to these amorous Affairs; this shall be my Province, of which if I mistake not, I shall be able soon to give you a good Account.

These Words gave Love a fresh Fire, and Hope to her doubtful Mind. Yet he did not design to proceed as he promis’d; he endeavour’d by delays to assuage the Fury of her Mind, because Time produces a Cure, that nothing else can effect. *Sofias* believ’d, that he cou’d by false Joys keep her in Suspence, either till the Emperor shou’d be gone, or her Mind alter, lest if he shou’d deny the Office, she shou’d seek another Messenger, or that she shou’d lay violent Hands on her self. He often, therefore, pretended to go and come between the Lovers, and that he was transported with her Love, and only waited a happy Opportunity to accomplish both their Desires. Sometimes he pretended that he was sent out of Town, and delay’d their Wishes till his Return, and thus he fed her sickly Mind for many Days; but that he might not tell her always Falsities, he once Address’d himself to *Eurialus* in this Manner ——— *Did you but know how you are belov’d!* but wou’d give him no Answer on his Enquiry, what he meant by the Exclamation.

But *Eurialus* struck deep with Arrows of Love, gave himself no Repose, while the furtive Fire devour’d his Blood and Marrow! yet he knew not *Sofias*, nor that he had been sent to him by his Charming *Lucretia*, every Man having less of Hope than Desire. When *Eurialus* found himself
in

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in Love, he had Recourse to his Prudence, and often reproach'd himself in this Manner. You know, Eurialus, what the Empire of Love is, long Griefs and short Pleasures; little Joys and great Fears. *A Lover is always dying, but never Dead. What makes you again Deviate into these Trifles.* But when he found all his struggling Fruitless. To what purpose alas! do I strive in vain against the Power of Love? Can I think that Frailty below me, which domineer'd in the Breasts of Julius Cæsar, Alexander and Hannibal? But what need I shelter my self under the Examples of Military Men? Let us turn our Eyes to the Poets, and we find Virgil hanging by a Rope half way down a Tower in hopes to enjoy his Mistress; yet who is it excuses the Fact, as of a Man of a loose Life? If we look on the Philosophers, the Masters of Discipline, and Teachers of the Art of living Well, we shall find Aristotle like a Horse rid by a Woman, with a Bridle in his Mouth, and the Rowels of her Spurs in his Sides? The Power of Cæsar is equal to the Gods, nor is that Verse of Ovid's true, tho' grown now into a Proverb.

*Bright Majesty and Love but ill agree
And seldom in one Person join'd we see.*

For who is a greater Lover than our Present Cæsar? How often has he been a Slave to Cupid? Hercules the most valiant of the Heroes, and the certain Off-spring of the Gods, throwing aside his Lions Skin and Quiver, took up the Distaff, and taught that Hand which us'd to wield his Club to dress a Lady's Head, set her Jewels in Order, discriminate the Hair and Spin. Love is a natural Passion, and spreads through all the Species of the Animal Kingdom. The Birds that wing the liquid Air, feel their Bosoms warm'd with this Fire.

The

The sable Dove by the green Bird's below'd ;
And the White Turtle's to the spotted join'd.

If I remember right the Words of Sapho to her Lover Pharon in Sicily. If we look among the Beasts, we find the Cattle make War for their Mistress of the Field. The fearful Hart from Love strange Courage draws; and Challenges his Rivals to the Combat, expressing with his Tone the Signs of the Fury that has seiz'd him. The Hyrcanian Tigers burn with the same Fires; the rugged Russian Bear beneath his frozen clime, warm'd by Love Whets his Tusks with Fury against his Foe; and the Lions of Africa shake their horrid Manes; and no Creature so wild and Cruel, but Love reduces him to his Power. There is nothing free from Love. Love blows up the fiercer Flames of Youth, and Lights again that Fire, which very old Age had extinguish'd, and strikes with unknown Heat the Virgins Heart. Why therefore shou'd I struggle with this Universal Law of Nature, from which nothing that lives is exempt?

Love Conquers all, and I must yield to Love.

Having thus fortify'd himself with Examples and Arguments, for the justness of his Passion; he wanted a Messenger to carry a Billet to his Mistress. He had a dear and intimate Friend, call'd *Achates*, a perfect Doctor in Affairs of this Nature: he undertakes this Province, and soon finds out a Woman by whom the following Letter was sent.

I Shou'd send Health to the fair Lucretia in this Billet, but that I have not Stock enough of that to make my Wishes effectual; since my whole Health,
and

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and all my Hopes of Life depend on you alone. You it is, Madam, that I love more than my self, and I flatter my self, that you are not ignorant of the Flames of my wounded Heart; my Face wet with Tears, and my Bosom heaving with thick Sighs, whenever I see you, are plain Evidences of the Pangs I feel within. Ah! hear me with an equal Ear, if I presume to lay open my Bosom to your Eyes. Your Beauty has taken me Captive, and your Charms which are greater than those of all your Sex besides, hold me bound in Chains. Till now alas! I never knew what Love was, but your Eyes have at once submitted my Soul to its Empire. 'Tis true, and I confess it, I fought long before I would yield to so Tyrannic a Lord; but your Beauties vanquish'd all my Endeavours; the Beams of your Eyes more glorious and cheering than those of the Sun, would not longer suffer me to dispute the Victory. I am, Madam, now your Prisoner of War, out of my own Power, and wholly at your disposal. You have rob'd me of the Use of Sleep and Food; you Day and Night I love; you I desire; you I invoke; you I expect; of you are all my Thoughts; you only I breathe; with you only I recreate and delight my self: my Soul is yours, and with you I wholly am; and you only can save me, and only you can destroy me. Choose which of those you will do, and in your Answer let me know your Mind; nor be you more severe with your Words, than you were with those Eyes, that bound me to you. My Request is not great nor unreasonable; since all I ask is only Leave to wait on you. The whole Business of this Letter is only to obtain Permission to tell you with my Mouth what I am now forc'd to commit to my Pen. If you grant me this I live, and live repleat with Happiness; if you deny me, that Heart immediately Perishes, which Loves you far more than me. I commit my self to you and your Generosity. Adieu my Soul, and the support of my Life.

The

The Female *Mercury* having receiv'd this Letter Seal'd up, made the best of her way to *Lucretia's* House, and having found her alone, she delivers it to her with these Words——*The most Noble and Powerful Favourite of the Emperor's Court, sends you this Letter, Madam, and begs you with the most moving and humble Entreaties to have Pity on his Condition.*—— This Messenger happ'n'd to be a most notorious Bawd, and so publickly known, that ev'n *Lucretia* was not ignorant of her Character; and she was not a little concern'd, that so infamous a Creature shou'd be sent to her on this Errand; so that turning to her with some fury, *What saucy Impudence (said she) has given thee Boldness to enter my House? What frenzy has prevail'd on thee to dare to approach a Lady of my Power and Quality in this City? Dar'st thou venture to enter the Palaces of the Nobility, and attempt the Corruption of a Woman of Quality? I can scarce forbear Tearing out thy Eyes: dar'st thou bring Billets to me? Speak to me against my Virtue? and look on me as thy Prey? Had I not more Regard to Decency, and what is fit for me to do, than what is thy due, I wou'd this moment spoil you for a Letter Carrier to Cupid as long as thee liv'd. Begone, therefore, and that quickly, thou Witch with thy Letters,*—— no, rather give me the Letter I may tear it in a thousand Pieces, and throw them into the Fire.

At these Words she snatches the Paper out of the Bawd's Hands, and tears it to Pieces, and trampling them under her Feet, she threw them into the Ashes. *This Punishment ought likewise to be yours, said she too, infamous Creature, more worthy the Fire, than Life. But fly away immediately lest my Husband come and find thee here, and tho' I have forgiven thee, punish thee according to thy desert; but have a Care, thou come no more in my Sight.*

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Another Woman wou'd have been frighted at these Threats, and seeming Anger ; but this Bawd was too well acquainted with the Temper of the Wives of Sienna, and therefore mutter'd to her self — *Now am I certain, that you desire most, since you pretend an Aversion* — And then speaking out to Lucretia, she said — *I thought, Madam, that I had done an Office agreeable to your Desires, if I am Mistaken, I hope your Ladiship will forgive my Sin of Ignorance ; and if you will not have me come any more to your House, I shall, Madam, obey your Commands ; and leave you to reflect on the Love you wou'd seem to despise.*

Having spoke this, she went her way ; and having found Eufriatus, she flatters him in this Manner. — *Take Courage most fortunate Lover, the Lady's Passion is greater for you, than yours for her ; but I had the ill luck to come when she cou'd not have an Opportunity of returning you an Answer. I found Lucretia in a very deep Melancholy, but at the mention of your Name and Letters from you, a suddain Joy shot into her Eyes, and Gaiety banish'd Grief and Sorrow from her Countenance, and she kiss'd the Paper a thousand Times over. Trouble not your self, Sir, you will not be long without an Answer, take my Word for it* — Having said this, and had her Reward, she went her way, took care to keep out of the way for the future, for fear she shou'd have Blows instead of Gold.

Lucretia, as soon as the old Woman was gone, takes care to gather up the bits of the Letter, and placing each in its Place, restor'd the Epistle to its form so well, as to be perfectly read and understood. Which having read a thousand Times over, she kiss'd as many, and then wrapping it up in fine Linen, she plac'd it in her Cabinet among her Jewels and Rarities. Now thinking of this Expression, now of that, she took

took down larger Draughts of Love ev'ry Moment, and Resolv'd to write in the following Manner.

Lucretia's Answer.

CEASE, Eurialus, to hope what it is not lawful to obtain; spare me the Trouble of your Letters and Messengers; nor take me for one of those Creatures, that set themselves to Sale. You seem perfectly mistaken in my Character, Sir, else you wou'd scarce have ventur'd to affront me, by sending a Bawd on your Errand. I admit of no Love, that is inconsistent with Modesty and Virtue; with others you may act as you think fit; but I hope you will ask nothing of me but with Caution and Justice.

Farewel.

Though this Letter was far harsher, than he had Reason to expect from the Bawd's Assurances, yet it open'd the way for a free Interchange of Letters betwixt them, for he cou'd make no scruple of trusting a Messenger, in whom he found *Lucretia* put such a Confidence. His only Trouble was, that he was ignorant of the *Italian* Tongue; he therefore apply'd himself with unweary'd Diligence to learn it. Drawing Assiduity from Love, he soon accomplish'd his Desires, and now wrote his Letters himself, which before he was fain to be oblig'd to a Friend to indite.

He therefore replies to *Lucretia's* Billet,
That she ought not to be angry with him for
sending an infamous Woman on his Errand,
since his Ignorance of the Place, and of the
People, as a Stranger, might very well excuse
his Mistake. That the Motive and Cause of
his sending, was a Love, that aim'd at nothing
dishonourable; that he believ'd her Modest and
Chast,

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‘ Chast, and by Consequence worthy of the greater Passion; that an insolent Woman, and one profuse of her Honour, he was so far from loving, that she was his utmost Aversion; for when once a Woman had forfeited her Reputation, she retain’d nothing valuable about her; that Beauty indeed was a Benefit, yeilding Abundance of Pleasure, but then it was frail and fleeting, and without Modesty of no Value; that she who join’d Beauty and Chastity was a truly Divine Woman: That he knew her Mistress of both these Perfections, and that was the Reason, that he cou’d not but love her, nor shou’d he desire any thing loose or injurious to her Fame; that all he desir’d was to come to her Speech, where he shou’d be able to express himself better, than he cou’d in Writing.—With these Letters he sent some Presents valuable both for the Matter and Work. To this *Lucretia* made the following Reply.

*Y*our Letter has remov’d my Cause of Complaint on Account of the scandalous Bearer of your first. I set no great Value on your Declaration of Love, since you are neither the first, nor the only Man, that my Beauty has led astray. Many have, and many do love me, and made their Addresses to me in vain, nor shall your Endeavours meet with better Success. Give you a Meeting, I neither can, nor will; Nor can you find me alone, unless you change your self into a Swallow. My Appartment is very high, and all the Avenues fortify’d with Spies. Your Presents I receiv’d, because I lik’d the Workmanship. But that you shall give me nothing without a valuable Consideration, and that they may not seem the Pledges of Love, I send you a Ring, that my Husband made a Present of to my Mother, as the Price of the Jewels, for the Ring I send you is not of lesser value. Adieu.

To

To this Billet *Eurialus* made the following Reply.

YOur Billet gave me no small Joy to find that
 ' you had dismiss'd your Complaint about my
 ' first Messenger; tho' it gave me no little Pain
 ' to find you set so little value on my Love: For
 ' tho' you have a thousand Adorers, yet no Breast
 ' burns with a fire like Mine. You do not be-
 ' lieve this, but it is because I am not admit-
 ' ted to you to convince you of your Error,
 ' else you wou'd not contemn me. Oh! that I
 ' cou'd indeed transform my self into a Swallow,
 ' tho' I shou'd rather wish the Metamorphosis in-
 ' to a Flea, else you might shut the Window a-
 ' gainst me. But my grief arises not from your
 ' want of Power, but want of Will; for what
 ' shou'd I regard but the Mind? Ah! my *Lu-*
 ' *cretia*! Why did you say that you wou'd not
 ' see me! What! were it in your Power, wou'd
 ' you not allow me one Word? Me, who am
 ' all entirely Yours? All whose desires are to
 ' obey you; who, shou'd you command me to go
 ' into the Fire or Precipices, through Seas, wou'd
 ' make my Obedience almost anticipate your Com-
 ' mand. For God's sake leave out that unkind
 ' Word; if you have not the Power, at least
 ' have the Will. Kill me not with your Words,
 ' who draw my Life from your Eyes. Alter that
 ' severe Sentence, by which you assure me, that
 ' all my Labour will be in vain. Far be such
 ' obstinate cruelty from your Heart; be more
 ' Compassionate and tender of your Lover. If
 ' you proceed in this Manner you will be a
 ' Murtherefs, for believe it, your Words will
 ' sooner find a fatal Passage to my Heart, than
 ' the Sword of any other. Tho' I will not here
 ' press any more Favours, yet I must ask you

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' to return Love for Love. You have no Ob-
 ' jection to this; this no Body can hinder; tell
 ' me, that you love me, and you make me the
 ' happiest of Men. I am pleas'd that you keep
 ' my Presents on any Terms, they will put you
 ' in Mind of my Passion; 'tis true, they were of
 ' small value, and these I send now are of less,
 ' yet do not despise the Offerings of Love.
 ' When those I expect ev'ry Day of greater Con-
 ' sequence arrive, *Lucretia* shall be sure of re-
 ' ceiving my Acknowledgement. Your Ring shall
 ' never go off my Finger, which instead of you,
 ' I will moisten with my Kisses. Adieu my De-
 ' light, and send me what Comfort you can af-
 ' ford me.

After several Letters to this purpose, *Lucretia* sends him at last the following Billet.

I Am willing, *Eurialus*, to comply with your
 Desires, and make you a Partner in my Love
 as you Request, for your Quality, and your
 Merits forbid your loving in vain. I shall not
 say how agreeable your Person may be in my
 Eyes; but to love wou'd be very injurious to
 my self. I know my self too well, that shou'd
 I once begin to Love, I shou'd pass all Bounds.
 You can't stay here long, and yet when I have
 given a Loose to my Heart, I cannot be with-
 out you. You wou'd not take me with you, and
 I cou'd not stay behind you. I have too many
 Examples before my Eyes, of the dangerous Con-
 sequence of an Amour with a Foreigner, to ven-
 ture to love you. *Jason* deceiv'd *Medea*, tho'
 by her means he threw the wakeful Dragon into
 a Sleep, and bore away the Golden Fleece. *Theseus*
 was to be thrown a prey to the Minotaur, but
 by the Counsel of *Ariadne* he escap'd, yet he cou'd
 steal

steal from her in the Night, and leave her expos'd in an Island by her self. Did not her Love for a Stranger bring the unhappy *Dido* to a dismal End? No, no, Sir, I know very well the Danger that attends me in an Amour of this Nature; I shall therefore ne'er expose my self to such Hazards. You Men are of a more stay'd and solid Judgment, than we Women; you can rein and rule the Fury of your Passions as you please; but when once a Woman admits the Fury of Love, Death only can terminate her Passion! A Woman may be said to be mad, not in Love, and unless there be a Correspondent Affection, there is no greater Terror, than a Woman in Love. When once we have given Admission to the fatal Fire, we regard neither Fame nor Life, and only pursue the Enjoyment of the Man belov'd; nor will any Danger deterr us in the Pursuit of Love. Being, therefore, a Wife, a Woman of Quality and Wealth, in Prudence I must shut out all Thoughts of Love from my Bosom, especially of a Stranger, which can be of no Continuance, lest I should be look'd on as an other *Rhodopean Phyllis*, or *Lesbian Sappho*. I beg you therefore to press me no farther for my Love, but with all the speed you can stifle and extinguish your own; for that is what a Man can do with far greater ease, than a Woman. And if it be true, that you Love me, you will not ask that of me, that must be my Ruin. In Return of your Gifts I send you a Golden Cross set with Diamonds; which tho small is of Value.

Adieu.

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Eurialus having receiv'd this Billet, gave not over the Combat, but immediately taking pen in Hand, he wrote the following Reply.

Eurialus's Answer.

‘MY Soul, I wish you Health, who by your Letter, *Lucretia*, have made me Immortal, tho’ with the Sweets you have mingled some Gall; but that I hope you will remove when you have heard me speak. Your Letter close Seal’d with your Signet came safe to my Hands, which I read often, but kiss’d oftener: But your Letter promotes what you seem to design to dissuade. You bid me give over Loving you, because it wou’d be Inconvenient for you to engage in an Affair with a Stranger, and you set before me the Examples of the Ladies of Old, who were deceiv’d on the like Occasion; but this you tell in so ingenious and polite a Manner, that it obliges me rather to Love you and your Wit the more, than to forget you. Who can begin to Love his Mistress less, when he finds by her Prudence and Wit she deserves it more? If you wou’d have had my Love decrease, you shou’d not have discover’d new Charms in your Knowledge. For that is not the way to extinguish a Fire, but to blow up a spark into a Flame. I burnt all the while I read, finding your Beauty and Honour have so uncommon a Companion as Learning and Sense. When you ask me not to Love, you only lose Words, for you might as well bid the Mountains descend into the Plains, or the Floods to run backward to their Fountain Heads; the Sun may sooner forsake its daily Course, than I cease to Love *Lucretia*. The
‘*Scythian*

' *Scythian* Mountains may be without Snow, the
 ' Sea without the finny Race, and Desarts with-
 ' out Beasts of Prey, sooner than *Eurialus* can
 ' forget thee. You are mistaken, fair *Lucretia*,
 ' when you imagine that a Man can easily ex-
 ' tinguish the Flames of Love, and that very In-
 ' constancy you charge on our Sex, the World
 ' is us'd to charge upon yours. But this is a
 ' Debate, I will not now enter upon, but An-
 ' swer the Objections and Examples you have
 ' brought; you tell me you can make no Re-
 ' turn to my Love, because the Love of Stran-
 ' gers has been fatal to many. But I cou'd
 ' mention many Men whom the Ladies have
 ' forsaken; you know that *Cressida* abandon'd
 ' *Troilus*, the Son of *Priam*, that *Helena* betray'd
 ' *Menalaus*; *Circe* transform'd her Lovers into
 ' Swine, and other Brute Animals. But it is a ve-
 ' ry unfair way of arguing, to condemn all for
 ' the Crime of a few. For shou'd you for the
 ' sake of three or four treacherous Strangers to
 ' condemn all, or I run down the whole Sex for
 ' half a score false Women it wou'd be equally
 ' unjust? No, rather let us set before us Exam-
 ' ples of another Nature. What was the Love
 ' of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* and others; whom the
 ' Brevity of a Letter will not suffer me to Name?
 ' If you have read *Ovid*, you find, that after the
 ' Destruction of *Troy*, several of the *Grecian* Chiefs
 ' never return'd to their own Country, being
 ' detain'd by the Love of Strange Ladies. They
 ' clove to their Mistresses with such Ardour and
 ' Truth, that they chose a Banishment from their
 ' native Kingdoms and Relations, and all those
 ' things, which render every Man's Country
 ' dear to him, rather than forsake their Mistress of
 ' Strange Nations. Think, my *Lucretia*, on those
 ' many Examples that are favourable to our Love,
 ' and

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' and not on those which are few and destru-
 ' ctive of our Satisfaction. Call not me a Fo-
 ' reigner, since I'm more a Citizen, than he that
 ' is born here; chance made him a Citizen,
 ' but choice me. I will have no Country, but
 ' where you are. And tho' my Affairs call
 ' me sometimes hence, yet my Return shall al-
 ' ways be speedy. Nor will I return into Ger-
 ' many, only to settle my Concerns so as to make
 ' my stay with you the longer. It is no hard
 ' matter to find an excuse for my staying here;
 ' the Emperor has a great many Affairs to ne-
 ' gotiate in these Parts, the Administration of
 ' which I will take care to procure for my self.
 ' He must necessarily have a Vicar in *Tuscany*, which
 ' Post I will get for my self; dismiss all doubts,
 ' my Life, my Heart, my Hope, my *Lucretia*. If
 ' I can live without a Heart, then I may live
 ' without you. At length, therefore, have pity
 ' of your Lover. Reflect on my Labours, and
 ' now put an end to my Sufferings. Why do
 ' you torment me long? I wonder how I have
 ' been able to undergo so many Racks and Tor-
 ' tures; who have pass'd so many sleepless Nights,
 ' and wore out so many Fasting-Days. Observe
 ' how lean I am grown, and how pale, how little a
 ' Matter can keep Life and Soul together? Had
 ' I murder'd your Parents or your Children, you
 ' cou'd not have inflicted a more cruel Punish-
 ' ment upon me. If thus you punish the Man
 ' that Loves you, what wou'd you do to him
 ' that does you any Prejudice or Evil? Ah! my
 ' *Lucretia*! my Mistress, my Sovereign, my Health,
 ' my Refreshment, take me into thy Grace, admit
 ' me to thy Favour; at length tell me that I am
 ' dear to you, that is all I desire. Let me have
 ' the Pleasure of saying, that I am the Servant
 ' of *Lucretia*, and Kings and Emperors Love those
 Servants,

‘ Servants they find faithful. Nor do the God’s
‘ themselves disdain to return Love for Love.
Adieu my Hopes.

As a Tow’r undermin’d falls on the first Assault, so did the Resolution of *Lucretia*, on reading the Letter of *Eurialus*, which gave the Victory to his Love. For having made Tryal of the Assiduity and Perseverance of her Lover, she freely discover’d in the following Billet, that Love which she had so long dissembl’d in her Bosom.

Lucretia’s Answer.

I Can no longer resist your Assaults, nor suffer you, *Eurialus*, to be any longer excluded a share of my Heart. You have over-come, and now I am Yours. How miserable has the Receipt of your Letters made me, unless your Fidelity, and Prudence preserve me from the Dangers that threaten me! see that you punctually observe all, that you have writ to me. I now surrender my self to your Love; if you forsake me, you are Cruel, a Traitor, and the worst of Men. It is easie to deceive a poor Woman, but by how much the mote easy it is, by so much the more base and unmanly. As yet all is well, if you design to forsake me, let me know it before Love takes too firm hold of me; nor let us begin an Affair, which we shall hereafter repent. We ought to regard the End of every thing we undertake. As a Woman I have but little Foresight; as a Man you ought to take Care, both of me and your self. I surrender my self up to you, and depend on your Faith; nor do I begin to be yours, but that I may be always yours. Adieu my Defence, and Conductor of my Life.

After

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After this many Letters past betwixt them, and *Eurialus* wrote not with more Ardour, than *Lucretia* answer'd. Their desire of meeting was mutual and equal ; but the difficulty seem'd unfurmountable, since *Lucretia* had the Eyes of every Body on her, and never stir'd out alone, or without a Spy to attend her. *Argus* had not a more watchful Regard to the Charge committed to him by *Juno*, than *Menelaus* had commanded shou'd be had of *Lucretia*. 'Tis a common Vice of the *Italians* to hide their Wives like their Money under Bars and Bolts, but in my Opinion, to little Advantage or Purpose. For Women (to speak generally) desire that most, which they are the most severely forbidden ; who when you have a Mind to it refuse you, and when you desist seek you of their own accord ; were these less restrain'd they wou'd Sin less frequently. So that it is much as easy a matter to confine a Woman, as to keep a Stock of Gnats in the Sun. If a Woman have not a natural Chastity, to no purpose does a Husband plague her with Locks and Bars. But who shall keep those Keepers ? The Wife is Cunning, and always begins with her Guard. Woman is a wild untam'd Animal, that no Bridle can Curb.

Lucretia had a Bastard Brother, by whom she convey'd her Letters to *Eurialus* ; for him she had made a Confident of her Armour ; and with him she agrees, that he shou'd privately admit *Eurialus* into the House he had here with *Lucretia's* Mother, to whom she often paid Visits, and from whom as often receiv'd them, and the Distance was not great from each others House. Thus their Plot lay, That as soon as her Mother was gone out to Church, *Lucretia* shou'd come to pay her a Visit, and there finding *Eurialus* in the Parlour, shou'd pass her Hours with him.

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The Meeting was appointed in two Days time ; which seem'd to the Lovers longer, than two Years ; for the Hours seem long to those, who hope something, that is good ; but short and swift to those who fear and expect any Evil.

But Fortune disappointed this Happiness of the Lovers ; the Mother smelt out the Design, and to prevent it, took her Son-in-Law out with her when she went to Church. The trusty Squire informs *Eurialus* of the Misfortune, who felt as much pain for it as did *Lucretia* herself ; who when she understood, that her designs were discover'd, said, *Since this way has miss'd of success, I must take another Course, nor shall my Mother have power sufficient to disappoint my Pleasures.*

There was one *Pandalus* a Relation of her Husbands, to whom she had confided the secret, for her Mind was too much on Fire to desist. She lets *Eurialus* know, that she wou'd treat with this Man, because he was trusty and cou'd procure them a Meeting. But *Eurialus* did not think it safe to confide in him, whom he saw always with *Menelaus*, and fancied that there was some Treachery in the matter. While things were in this state, *Eurialus* is deputed by the Emperor to go to the Pope to adjust the time of his Coronation, which was very disagreeable News to both the Lovers ; but there was no refusing the Commands of *Cesar*. He's gone on his Embassy, and stays there two Months. *Lucretia* in the mean while never stir'd out ; kept her Windows close, and put on Mourning. Every body wonder'd at her Conduct, but no body knew the Cause. All her Servants thought they dwelt as much in the dark as in a full Eclipse of the Sun, by her retirement ; seeing her always sad and often lying on her Bed, they concluded, she was not well ; they therefore sought what Remedies they cou'd to remove the Evil ; but she

never

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never Smil'd or went out of her Bed-Chamber, till she heard that the Emperor was gone to meet *Eurialus* on his Return. Then, as if she had started from a profound Sleep, throwing aside her mourning Dress, she put on all her Ornaments, set open her Windows, and expected his approach with Joy in her Eyes. Which when the Emperor observ'd, *Deny it no more, Eurialus, (said he) the matter is as plain and evident as the Sun. While you were absent, no Body cou'd see Lucretia, but now you are come back behold Aurora breaks forth. Love has no Bounds, and can be no more hid, than a Cough.* Your Majesty is pleas'd to banter me, and divert your self at my Expence, said he. For my part I know nothing of the Matter, perhaps the neighing of your Horse, and this prancing may have rous'd her from her Sleep. And having said thus, He stole a glance to *Lucretia*, and fixt his Eyes on hers; and that was the first Consult they had after his Return.

In a few Days *Nisus* the faithful Servant and Companion of *Eurialus*, had found out a Tavern behind the House of *Menelaus*, so situated, that from a Room there he might see into *Lucretia's* Anti-Chamber. *Nisus* engages the Vint'ner, and carrying *Eurialus* up, told him, thence he might Discourse with his *Lucretia*. This place was divided from her Appartment by a Gutter, of about three Yards wide, in which the Sun never shone. Here the Lover seated himself, and waited to see whether chance might not bring *Lucretia* to his Sight. He was not deceiv'd in his Expectations, she was soon in the Room looking about her Affairs. What are you doing, the Governess of my Life, said *Eurialus*; whither turn you your Eyes my Soul! turn this way, my Safety, my Life, those Eyes, and see your *Eurialus*; look, look on me, on me for here I am. Are you here my *Eurialus*,
(reply'd

(reply'd *Lucretia*,) I can now talk with you, oh ! that I cou'd embrace you too with these Arms. That I can easily compass, said *Eurialus*, for I will bring a Ladder hither, and mount to your Window, you look to your Bed-Chamber, we have delay'd our Joys too long. Have a Care, my *Eurialus*, if you have any Regard to my Safety; this Window on the Right Hand belongs to the worst of Neighbours, nor is there any Confidence to be put in the Vintner, who may Sacrifice either of us to a little Money. Let it suffice now that there be free access for our Speech, we will find some other Measures of Meeting. But I die, (said *Eurialus*) unless I press you in these Arms. They had a long Discourse out of this place, and their Gifts were convey'd by a split Arrow, both equally generous in their Offerings.

Sofias discover'd the Interview, and thus said to himself, I find that I strove in vain to oppose the Passion of these Lovers, if I apply not my utmost Cunning, my Lady will Perish, and my Master fall under an infamous Reputation. It is the safest way in these Cases to divert the worst of these Evils. Let my Mistress Love on, and Enjoy her Love, if it remain a Secret, it is a meer Baggage. She is blind with Love, and therefore sees not what she does. If a Woman's Chastity cannot be preserv'd, to prevent the Knowledge of the Loss, is sufficient to save the Family from Infamy. I will go, therefore, and offer my Service, I oppos'd it as long as I was able, to prevent the Wickedness from being committed; but since I cou'd not do that, my Business now is to conceal what is done. The Difference is not very great betwixt not doing at all, and concealing what is done. Lust is of a general Extent, nor is there any Man free from the Infection;

fection; he only is esteem'd the Chastest, who acts with the most Caution. While he was in these Soliloquies, *Lucretia* comes out of her Chamber, and so coming up to her, he said — How comes it to pass, *Madam*, that you keep your *Amour* a Secret from me? You love *Eurialus* still, and yet you conceal your love from me. Have a Care whom you confide in. The first degree of Wisdom is not to love at all, the second is to love so that the *Affair* remain a secret; you cannot carry on this *Intrigue* by your self, and you have had a long Experience of my Fidelity to you; if you will put any Confidence in me, and employ me in any Part or Office of your Pleasure, I shall take the highest Care to keep all conceal'd that you may escape a Punishment, and your Husband the Reflections of his Neighbours.

Lucretia made this reply to *Sofias's* offer of Service. — What you have said, *Sofias*, is very true, and I assure you I have great Confidence in you; but you seem'd Negligent of and opposite to my Desires; but since you offer your self, I will make use of thy diligence without the fear of Treachery. You know with what Ardour I burn, I cannot long bear this Flame; help us that we may be together without Witness. *Eurialus* languishes for Love, and I die. There is nothing more pernicious, than to withstand our Desires. Had we once but met our Passions wou'd be more moderate, and our Love more conceal'd. Go, therefore, to *Eurialus*, and tell him the only way of our meeting is about four Days hence, when the Country Men bring in our Corn for him to put on a Carriers Habit, and drive one of the Carts in, and carry the Sacks of Corn up the stairs into the Granary; you know my Bed-Chamber has the first door opening on those Stairs; give *Eurialus* a full Account of all things, I'll attend him here, till the time come, and then I will be in my Bed, let him gently push the Door open, and come to me.

Sofias

Sofias, tho' he found it a difficult attempt, fearing worse might follow, undertook the Matter; and having found *Eurialus*, he gave him a full Account of his Mistress's Stratagem. The Lover likes the Hint, prepares all things Necessary, and dressing himself in this Equipage, complains of nothing but delay.

The Morning now coming on, the Sun appearing brings the long'd for Refreshment to the eager wishes of *Eurialus*, full of Expectation and Desire, who now esteem'd himself happy and fortunate. When he had mingl'd himself among the vile Servants, and not to be known by any that saw him, he drives on his Cart, and coming into *Lucretia's* House, he takes up his Load, and having put his Wheat into the Granary, he was the last of those that came down, and as he had Directions, he pushes open the Door in the midst of the Stairs, and being enter'd, he found *Lucretia* all alone; and coming near, he cry'd,
 — *My Soul, my Life, my Hopes. Now I have found thee alone, and now all my wishes are accomplish'd, that I embrace thee without any Witness of our Actions; no Wall now, nor any distance lessens or intercepts the Sight. Lucretia*, tho' she order'd this Affair her self, was yet surpriz'd at first, and doubted whether she saw *Eurialus* or a Ghost, imagining that so great a Man wou'd never expose himself to such hazards. But as soon as she found it to be really *Eurialus* in his Embraces, she burst out into an Extasie----*Is it you indeed, my dear one? Are you here indeed, my Eurialus?* And a ruddy Blush spreading over her Face, she press'd him close in a strict Embrace; and kissing, his Eyes and Forehead in a Rapturous silence, she then started into Speech again, and *Alas! my dear*, said she, *to what Dangers have you expos'd your self? what need of more words?* It is now evident, that I

am most dear to your Heart; and I have now made Tryal of your Love; nor shall you find me less true, or less loving. Let but the Gods give us a prosperous Fate, and a happy Event to our Amour; as long as Life animates these Limbs, none shall have any Power in Lucretia but her Eurialus; not even my Husband; if I may properly call him a Husband, who was forc'd on me against my Inclinations, and who had never my Consent. But come, my Pleasure, my Delight, off with this course covering, and discover thy self to me, as thou art; away with these Carters Garments, throw aside these Cords, and let me see my Eurialus.

He soon threw off his Course disguise, and shone out in Purple and Gold; and was hurrying with all the speed of eager desire to the Goal of Love, when *Sofias* knocking at the Door, cry'd out to them—— Have a Care, ye Lovers, for I see yonder *Menelaus* returning home for something or other; conceal your Thefts, and bubble the Husband with Address. Then, said Lucretia, under the Bed there is a Place, that will conceal you, for there several things of value lie, you know what I wrote to you, if my Husband shou'd find us together; come get into this Hole, the darkness will there secure you, stir not a jot not spit least we be all discover'd. *Eurialus* doubtful what to do submits to the Conduct of his Mistress, and she opening the Doors sits down again to her Work. Then *Menelaus*, and with him *Betus* came in to seek for some Writings belonging to the City Affairs, which when he cou'd find in none of his Cabinets and Scrutoires, he said, perhaps 'tis in our biding Place, Lucretia, bring a light hither, and let us look for them here.

Eurialus was struck almost dead with these Words, and now his Fear detracted from the Charms and Merits of Lucretia, upbraiding himself

Self in this Manner. Curse on my Folly, what compell'd me to this Place; but my levity now shall I be caught napping, and become the Jest; and talk of the Town, and lose the Favour of the Emperor; may perhaps I shall not scape hence with my Life. Who can deliver me? no I must certainly die for it! O most vain and greatest of Fools; I have willfully falln into this snare; what are the Joys of Love, if we must pay such a price for them? Adam's Ignornace is wonderful, he will not undergo short labours for long Joys; and yet for Love; whose very Joys are like Smoke, he will expose himself to infinite Hazards. But if ever I get out of this streight, Love shall never again get me into his Noose.

Lucretia was not in less pain, both for her self and her Lover; but as a Woman, is always readiest in suddain Danger, having found out a Remedy for the Evil; my dear (said she to her Husband) there is a little Cabinet over the Window where I remember I saw you put some Papers and Records; let us go see whether this that you want be not there laid up. Immediately running to the Window, as if she wou'd open the Cabinet, she cunningly threw it out of the Window, as if it had falln it self by Accident — My dear, my dear, (said she) make haste least we lose something or other, the little Cabinet is falln out of the Window; make haste down least I loose some of my Jewels or Writings; go, go, get you gone both, what do you stand still for, I will here Watch that no Body steals any thing.

The Ladies Boldness is worthy Remark. Now let any Man be so Fool-hardy, as to trust a Woman, for there is no Man so sharp sighted, but a Woman can deceive. He only is not deceiv'd; whom his Wife has not yet endeavour'd to deceive. Our Happiness depends more on our good Fortune, than our Understanding. Mov'd with

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this Accident, both *Menelaus* and *Betus* run with all speed down Stairs to secure the Cabinet. The House after the *Tuscan* Manner being high built, there were a great many Stairs to go down to the Street. This gave *Eurialus* time to change his Station, who by *Lucretia's* Direction retir'd to a new hiding Place. The Husband and his Friend having gathers up the Jewels, and Writings with the Cabinet, and not finding what they wanted there, met with it where *Eurialus* had been hid, and so taking their Leave went their way.

They were no sooner gone, but *Lucretia* opening the Door of *Eurialus's* lurking hole, call'd to him — Come forth, my *Eurialus*, come forth, my Soul; come thou Summ and substance of all my Joys; thou spring of all my Pleasure, come forth; come the Hoard of my Joy; come thou, incomparable Sweetness, all things are now safe; now we have full Freedom for our Discourse; now we may Embrace in security; Fortune had a Mind to oppose our Happiness, but the God's regard our Loves with a favourable Eye, and will not forsake two such faithful Lovers. Come, come into my Army, there is nothing now to interrupt us, my Lily, my Bed of Roses; why delay you? What do you fear? I your *Lucretia* am here; What makes you forbear the Embraces of Your *Lucretia*.

Eurialus, scarce yet recover'd of the fright, comes out of his Hole, and embracing his Mistress — Never (said he) was I in so much Fear in all my Life. But you are worthy of all we can undergo, no Man ought to tast those Kisses or come into those Arms on cheaper Terms; nor have I, to confess the Truth, yet deserv'd such a Happiness. Cou'd I come to Life again after Death, and enjoy such Charms I shou'd not make any scruple to die a thousand Times to purchase your Embraces. O! my Happiness, my Bliss; do I really see you? is it really so? Am I not deceiv'd by the Illusion of some vain Dream? no 'tis you whom I hold in my Arms.

Lucretia

Lucretia had on a smooth Night-gown, which cover'd her Limbs without any Fold or Wrinkle, hiding neither her round swelling Breasts, or be-lying any Natural Beauty of her Parts, or Limbs. The snowy White of her Neck show'd it self without Veil, and her Eyes darted rays like the Beams of the Sun. Joy danc'd in her Looks, and Gaiety in her Face, while her glowing Cheeks discover'd a curious Mixture of the Lily and the Rose; her Smiles were sweet and modest; her Bosom full, on which her Breasts like two Apples swell'd on each side, while their gentle Heaving set the Desire in a Flame.

This sight had rais'd *Eurialus* too high to suffer him to delay the Attempt of satisfying the Eagerness of his wishes; but forgetting his past Fears, putting aside Modesty, he begins the Assault—— Now my dear, let us enjoy the harvest of our Love.—— With this he added Actions to his Words. *Lucretia* oppos'd his Desires, telling him she cou'd not surrender her Honour and Reputation, and that all she desir'd from this Amour was only Kisses and Discourse.

At which *Eurialus* smiling said —— Either my coming here is known, or it is not; if it is known every one will suspect the worst, and 'tis but a folly to bear the scandal without the Pleasure. If it is not known, nor shall our pleasing Theft be more divulg'd: This only the Pledge of Love, and I must die if I have not that. — But 'tis a Sin, said *Lucretia*.—— It is a Sin, (reply'd *Eurialus*) not to make use of the Goods we enjoy, when we may. What shall I lose this lucky Opportunity, which we have mis'd. At these Words, turning aside her Gown, he easily vanquish'd a Woman, that sought not Victory. This Enjoyment gave not satiety, but a greater Thirst and Appetite. But *Eurialus*, mindful of the danger of the place after a repast of

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Wine and Food, as well as of Love, much against *Lucretia's* Desires retir'd without, any further Adventure, the Family taking him for one of the Carters.

Eurialus cou'd not but view himself with wonder in this Livery of Love——— *Oh!* said he to himself, should the Emperor meet me in this Pickle and know me! what suspicion wou'd my dress give him, how he wou'd laugh at me, and I shou'd become the Discourse of the Court and City. I must remain a standing Jest with him till I discover'd the Cause of such a disguise. Shou'd I pretend the Intrigue with some other Lady, he wou'd never believe me, for he is in Love with *Lucretia*, but I use not to make him the Confident of my Amours; so I shou'd betray the Charming *Lucretia*; who receiv'd me to her Arms, and preserv'd me by her Wit and Address.

While he was busying himself with these Fears and uneasy Thoughts he sees his faithful Friends *Achates* and *Palinurus*, and marching on before them was not discover'd by them, till he was enter'd his House, where having thrown off his Rags, and put on his Robes, he gave them a Relation of all the Adventure. And as he describ'd his Fears and Joys, his Looks and Actions made a faithful Representation of the different Passions. In this Affair (said he) how like a Fool have I trusted my Life in a Woman's Hands, contrary to my Fathers Precepts, who told me, that I never ought to confide in a Woman. He us'd to say that a Woman was a wild, governless, faithless, mutable, cruel Animal, subject to a thousand Passions; but I forgetting my Fathers wholesome Discipline, have trusted my Life to a silly Woman. What if any one shou'd have seen and known me, carrying up the Sack of Corn; what disgrace had it been, and what an Infamy to my Posterity. The Emperor might well have thrown me off, as a thoughtless light Fellow,

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void of all Prudence. But what if her Husband had found me stow'd beneath the Bed, while he was in quest of his Writings? Whether he had expos'd me to the Emperor, follow'd by the Reproaches of his Family, or left me to the Law, or executed me himself, unarm'd as I was, either way had sufficiently punish'd and expos'd the madness I had been guilty of. My Deliverance from which was more owing to Chance, than Wisdom, or Prudence! No; no, I will not rob Lucretia of the Honour, it was her ready Wit, and not Chance, that secur'd me. Oh! woman worthy Trust! a Mistress full of Prudence, and Love, both Noble and Singular! why shou'd I not confide in thee? and trust to thy Fidelity? Yes, had I a thousand Lives to secure I wou'd place them all in thy Truth and Faith. Thou art faithful and cautious, and knowest how to season thy Love with Prudence, and how to secure thy Lover from Danger. Who but thee cou'd have found out so ready a means of diverting those, who were just upon me? You have sav'd this Life, I therefore devote it to you. When shall I again behold that snowy Bosom, hear that Charming Tongue, gaze on those sweet languishing Eyes, listen to that ready Wit, view those marble, ivory Limbs again? When shall I bite those Coral Lips again! When shall I feel that tremulous Tongue murmuring at my Mouth? Shall I never never more press those round hard Breasts? You can't, Achates, make any Guess at this Woman's Perfections, by what you have seen of her, for the nearer you are to her, the more Charming she is. Had you been with me, you had seen a sight far beyond that, which Candaules King of Lydia discover'd to Gyges. He had a Mind to enhance his Pleasure, by shewing his Favourite his Wife all naked, the same wou'd I do by Lucretia and thee, if in my Power. Else it is impossible for me to declare the Extremity of her Beauty, or for you to judge of the Fullness of my Joy. However, rejoice with me since my Raptures were greater, than any Tongue can express.

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This was the Substance of the Discourse of *Eurialus* to *Achates*. *Lucretia* said not less to her self on this Occasion, but her Joy was less, because more confin'd, having no Confident to unburthen her Mind to, for she was asham'd to tell *Sofias* the whole Matter.

In the mean while, there was one *Baccarus* an *Hungarian* Knight, of considerable Quality in his own Country, in the Emperor's Retinue, began to be in Love with *Lucretia*, and being a Beau, and handsom Man persuaded himself, that she lov'd him as much, and only was with-held by her Modesty from a Declaration in his Favour. She, after the Mode of all our *Sienna* Ladies, gave all Men a favourable Look; it is an Art, or rather a sort of Deception of the Eye by which they conceal their real Inclinations. *Baccarus* was quite wild in Love, nor could he be satisfy'd till he knew *Lucretia's* Mind.

It is a Custom of our Ladies of *Sienna* to Visit the Chapel of the blessed *Virgin* in *Bethlehem*, as they call it, a Mile out of Town. To this Chapel *Lucretia* was going, attended by two Young Maids, and an old Woman; *Baccarus* follows after her with a Violet in his Hands, with Leaves all gilt with Gold, in the Stock of which he had conceal'd a Love-Letter, wrote on very fine Paper. The Reader need not be surpriz'd at this, since *Cicero* says, he had seen the *Iliads* wrote so small, that they could be put into a Nut-shell. *Baccarus* offers this Violet and himself to *Lucretia*; *Lucretia* refuses the Gift; the *Hungarian* presses it with great Importunity, when the good old Woman joins on his side, by desiring her Lady to accept a harmless Flower, in which there could be Danger. *The Gentleman's Request* (said she) *is so small, that you may easily satisfy his Desires.*

Lucretia

Lucretia comply'd with the old Woman's Persuasion, and going a little way farther, she gave the Flower to one of the Young Maids that attended her. They had not gone much farther but they met two Students, who easily prevail'd with the Girl to give them the Violet, who opening the Stalk of the Flower, discover'd a Copy of Love Verses. These sort of Men us'd formerly to be very agreeable to our Ladies, but after the Emperor's Court was fixt at *Sienna*, they were laugh'd at, despis'd, and had in Contempt, because our Women were fonder of the Soldiers blustering, than the Wit of the Scholar. This gave them a great Hatred to the Court and Military Men, and made them watch all Opportunities of doing an Injury to the Men of the Sword. As soon, therefore, as they had found out the Secret of the Violet, they carry the Letter to *Menelaus*, and desire him to Read it; he returns home full of Concern, accuses his Wife, and fills the House with Rage and Noise. His Wife denies, that she is guilty of any Fault, tells him the whole Story, which is vouch'd by the old Woman. He goes immediately to the Emperor, and makes his Complaint; *Baccarus* is call'd for, acknowledges his fault, and asking Pardon, swears never to trouble *Lucretia* again. But knowing that *Jove* laughs at the perjuries of Lovers, the more he was forbidden the more he pursu'd his barren Flame.

The Winter comes, and all the Sky is now under the Dominion of the North-Wind, the gentle South being entirely banish'd the liquid Space. The Snow falls down into the Streets, and administers sport to the People; the Ladies throw Snow Balls into the Street, and the Young Sparks into the Windows. This furnish'd *Baccarus* with an Opportunity of Writing again to *Lucretia*; for he wraps a Letter up in soft Wax, and covers that

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that with Snow, and so throws it, as a Ball into *Lucretia's* Window. Who wou'd not say, that all things are govern'd by Fortune? for the lucky Hour is of more Consequence, than a Letter of Recommendation from *Venus* her self. They pretend, that Fortune has no Power over the Wise. I may perhaps allow this Advantage to those Wisemen, whose only Joy is in Virtue, who in Poverty, in Sickness, nay shut up in the Brazen Bull of *Phalaris*, believe themselves posselt of Happiness, tho' I confess I never met with any such Person, nor do I believe there ever was such a Fellow living. The Common Life of Mankind depends extremely on Fortune, which raises and depresses whomsoever she pleases. Who was the Ruin of *Baccarus* but Fortune? His Prudence and Caution were sufficiently shown in closing a Letter in the Stalk of a Violet; and now another in the midst of a Snow-Ball. You may say he ought to have been more Cautious; but if he had succeeded in his Adventure, he had been cry'd up for Cautious and Prudent too. But Fate, his Enemy, drew it from *Lucretia's* Hands to the Fire-side, where the Snow and Wax melting, discover'd the Letter to the Old Women that were warming themselves, who deliver'd it to *Menelaus* who was present, and made new Disturbance and Complaints, the effect of which *Baccarus* escap'd by Flight, not excuses.

This Adventure of *Baccarus* was of Use to *Eurialus*, for while the Husband apply'd all his Care and Spies about the Former, he left an open undefended Passage to the Stratagems of the Latter. That saying is very true, *that it is a hard matter to preserve, that which many love, or oppose*. The first Enjoyment had made the Lovers desirous of a second Encounter.

There

There was a little Street, or rather narrow Alley, betwixt the House of *Menelaus* and his Neighbours, by which it was no difficult matter to get into *Lucretia's* Window, by mounting with your Feet on each Wall; but this could only be done in the Night time. *Menelaus* was to go into the Country, and stay there all Night; which lucky Hour was expected with the last Impatience by both the Lovers. The Time is now come, the Husband is gone into the Country, *Eurialus* has chang'd his Cloaths, and got into this little Street or Alley; there was *Menelaus's* Stable, which by *Sofias's* Advice he enter'd, where hid under the Hay, he waited for Night; but as Fortune won'd have it, *Dramio*, second Groom to *Menelaus* his Horses, took Hay from *Eurialus's* side to fill the Racks, and he had strook him with his Fork in taking more, had not *Sofias* very Opportunely come to his Rescue; who finding the Danger *Eurialus* was in, taking the Fork, said he, Leave this Business to me, my good Brother, I will give the Horses their Food and Litter, if you'll go in, and look if our Supper be ready; we must make merry now our Master's Absent; we live better under our Lady, than under him; she is pleasant, an very bountysful; he is passionate, Noisie, covetous and hard; we never fare well while he's at home; don't you observe how he frints our Bellies with his scanty Measure? who always Starves himself only to plague us with a perpetual Hunger, nor will suffer a mouldy crust of Bread to be lost, and will keep an old Gallimaufry for a Month, and the salted Grigs of one Supper he sets up for another, and looks out ev'n from that, least we should gormandize on scraps worse, than the Poor's Basket. Wretched Miser, who seeks after Riches through such exquisite Torments; for what can be a greater folly, than to live poorly to die Rich? How much better is our Mistress, who is not satisfy'd, to treat us with Veal and tender Kids, but

regales

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regales us with fowls and Thrushes, and Crowns all with
a Glass of the best Wine? Go, Dromio, see that the
Kitchen be Clean and Neat.

I warrant thee honest Sosias, reply'd Dromio, *I'll take*
Care of that, and had rather rub the Table down, than
the Horses Heels. *I carry'd my Master into the Coun-*
try to day, the de'el split him, he said not one word to
me all the Day, but in the Ev'ning when he sent me
back with my Horses, bid me tell my Lady that he wou'd
not return to Night. *I commend thee* Sosias who at
last beginnest to abominate my Master's Temper; *I had*
chang'd him before now, had not my Lady retain'd me
by a scrap sometimes in the Morning. Oh! but you
were of my Mind, the devil a bit would we Sleep this
Night, let's eat and devour till day-light returns, my
Master shall not scrape up in a Month, what we'll con-
sume in one Supper.

Eurialus was pleas'd to hear this Discourse, tho'
he cou'd not but condemn the Manners of the Ser-
vants, not as all doubting but it might be his own
Case in his Absence from home. *Dromio* being
gone, *Eurialus* rose up and, Oh! What a happy
Night, (said he) *Sosias* shall I owe to thy Assistance:
who hast convey'd me thither, and took such timely Care
not to have me discover'd. Thou art a very honest
Fellow, and highly deserving my Love, thou shalt not
find me ingrateful, I will make here a Return for
this Service.

The destin'd Hour is now come; *Eurialus* tho'
he had escaped two Dangers of Consequence yet
with Joy ascends the Walls, and passing the o-
pen Window, he finds *Lucretia* by the Fire, and
the Table spread expecting him; she, as soon as she
saw her Lover, rose up, and took and press'd him
in her Arms; they begin to rush into Kisses, and
with full Sails they past into the Sea of *Venus*, and
now *Ceres*, and then *Bacchus* refresh the tir'd Voy-
agers; Alas! the short Joys we possess, and the
long

long Sollicitudes they Occasion! *Eurialus* had scarce had an Hour of Joy, but *Sofias* interrupts their Satisfaction, with the News of his Master's Return, *Eurialus* is all in a Fright, and trying to make his Escape, *Lucretia* having hid the Table and Provision, goes out to meet her Husband, and welcome him home—*Oh! my dear, I am glad, you are come home, for I thought I had lost you, this whole live-long Night at your Country Villa! But pray what Trade do you drive so much in the Country? have a Care, I don't find you out? Why don't you stay at home? Why do you take such pains to make me Melancholy by your Absence? I am always uneasy when you are away, and jealous lest you retire to some Mistress, for Husbands often defraud the Wives of their due to give it to others; of which fear if you would free me never lie abroad again, for no Night affords me any Ease or Pleasure without thee. But let us Sup here, and then go to Bed.*

They were now in the Common-Hall, where the Family us'd to Dine, where to detain him till *Eurialus* had made his Escape was all her Aim; for which a little time was absolutely Necessary. But *Menelaus* had supp'd abroad, and made what haste he could to his Bed-Chamber; *Ah* (said *Lucretia*) *I find you Love me a great deal indeed, since you had rather Sup abroad, then with me; because you were absent, I have not Eat a bit, nor Drank one drop all this Day. There came to Day some that belong'd to your Farms, and brought some excellent Wine, as they said, but I was too Melancholy to taste a drop of it, but now you are come home, let us go unto the Cellar, and taste of this Wine, and see if it be as delicious as they pretend.*

Saying this, and taking her Husband in her Left, and the Candle in her Right hand, went directly into the Cellar, Where being come, she first pierc'd this Vessel, and then that, and sip'd

to

to her Husband, till she thought *Eurialus* had made his Escape, and after that retir'd to the odious Embraces of his Conjugal Love; and *Eurialus* got home pretty late at Night. The next Day whether out of Caution or Jealousie, *Menelaus* made that Window up with a Wall. I believe, that as our Citizens are sharp in their Conjectures, and full of Suspicion and Jealousie, *Menelaus* was afraid of the Convenience of the place, and having but little Confidence in a Wife's Virtue, was resolv'd to take away the Opportunity of Sinning. For tho' he knew nothing of her Actions, or criminal Intrigues, yet he was not ignorant, that she was daily plagu'd with Addresses, and knew that a Woman's Mind was never so Constant, as not to be mov'd, as having as many Minds, as the Trees have Leaves. For the Female Sex is avaritious of Novelties, and seldom Love the Man they are possess'd of. He therefore follow'd the common Maxim of Husbands, who are of Opinion that all Misfortunes of that kind, are to be kept out by being on their Guard.

This had depriv'd them of the Power of meeting, nor was the Opportunity left of sending Letters to each other. For the Vintner, out of whose Window *Eurialus* had convey'd, and reach'd Letters with a Cane to *Lucretia*, by the Advise of *Asterielus* was turn'd out of his House by the Magistrates. Their Eyes alone were the Mediums of Conversation, by which they only now cou'd speak to, and consult with each other, the Grief of each was inexpressible, that they cou'd not cease to Love, and yet were depriv'd of all means of continuing their Amour.

In the midst of this Anxiety, *Eurialus* recollected what *Lucretia* had wrote about *Pandalus*, the Cousin of *Menelaus*: and following the Method of skillful Physicians, who in desperate Distempers apply

apply desperate Remedies ; and rather try the utmost Medicine, than leave the Disease without Cure, he determin'd to attempt *Pandalus*, and take up with that Recipe, which he had before rejected.

Having, therefore, sent for *Pandalus*, and carry'd him into his Closet ; pray, Friend, sit down (said *Eurialus*) I have Affairs of Consequence to impart to you ; I stand extreamly in need of some Virtues, which are Eminent in you, Diligence, Fidelity and Secrecy. I wou'd long since have Discours'd with you on this Head, but you were not then so well known to me ; but now I know you perfectly well, and that you are of approv'd Fidelity, I Love and Respect you. But were I personally ignorant of the Merits, yet the universal Applause of all your Fellow Citizens wou'd be sufficient ; but my Acquaintance with whom you have contracted Friendship, have inform'd me who you are, and how much you ought to be valu'd ; from whom I am inform'd that you are desirous to make use of my Service, which I at this instant offer to you, as meriting it as much as I yours. Now since it is betwixt Friends, I will in a few words let you know what you can serve me in,

You know how prone all Mankind is to Love, whether it be a virtue or vice in our Nature, I shan't determine, yet the Calamity extends far and wide. Nor is there any Heart of Flesh and Blood, but some times is sensible of the sting of Love. You know, that this Passion suffer'd not David the most holy Man, Solomon the Wisest, and Sampson the strongest Man to escape its Power. The Nature of a Love-sick Heart is this, that the more the Opposition is to its Desires, the more they burn and rage ; and nothing is a surer Cure for this Evil, than the Possession of the Belov'd. There have been many Men and Women, both of the present and former Ages, who by the obstacles they have found to their Love, have been the Occasion of cruel and barbarous

barous Murthers. On the other Hand we have frequent Examples of those, who after Enjoyment, and a Liberty for a while, of a tender Commerce with the below'd, have been calm enough in their Amours. The most prudent way is to give way to the Fury of Passion, which by Opposition encreases. For he that swims against the Stream often sinks to the bottom, and he that gives way to the Stream escapes. These things I have run-over to you, because I'm going to make you a Confident of my Amour, and let you know what Service you may do me in it; nor shall I conceal the Advantage it will be to you, because, now I look on you as the one half of my Heart——

You must know then, I Love Lucretia, nor is it my Fault, my dear Friend Pandalus, but by the Will of Fortune, which governs humane Affairs. I know not your Manners, nor the Custom of your City. I thought that your Women thought, what they express'd in their Eyes; but your Ladies are only Baits for Men Hearts but Love none at all; by this I am deceiv'd. I thought I shou'd be lov'd by Lucretia, when I saw her look on me with Eyes not ill pleas'd, and therefore I began to Love her; nor cou'd I think the kind Advances from a Lady of her Beauty ought to die without Return. As yet I neither know you nor your Family; I Lov'd, because I thought I was below'd, for who is such an insensible Creature of Stone, not to Love when below'd?

But after I had found out the Deceit, and that I had been betray'd by a false Appearance into Love, that I might not have the scandal of a barren Amour I endeavour'd by all my Arts to heat her Breast with the same Fire; for to burn for a Woman, and not be able to warm her Bosom, was a Shame and Anxiety, that broke my Repose both Day and Night, to such a Degree that I was not able to stir out of Doors. In short, the Event of my endeavours was such, that our Passions grew equal; she is on Fire, and I burn, nor do

we know any means of preserving our Lives but by your Assistance. Her Husband and his Brother keep and guard her with greater Vigilance, than the Dragon did the Golden Fleece; nor does Cerberus himself more strictly watch the Avenues of Hell. I know your Family; I know you are Gentlemen of Quality among the Chief of this City, that you are Rich, Powerful, and Belov'd; I wish I had never known this Woman! But who can resist his Fate? I made not choice of her, but chance threw her in my way.

This is the State of the Affair; our Loves are yet a Secret, but if it be not manag'd prudently, it may produce some mighty evil, which Heaven I pray avert! Perhaps I might vanquish Passion if I went from hence, which tho' most miserable to me, I wou'd yet do for sake of your Family, if I saw any Advantage arise to it from thence. But I know her Madness, either she wou'd follow me, or be kept here by Force, and then she wou'd lay violent Hands on her self, which wou'd be an eternal Blot on your House. My Business, therefore, with you is, that we may find some Remedy for these Evils: nor is there indeed any other way, than this, that you will be the Pilot of our Love, and take Care that a Passion, that has hitherto been very well conceal'd do not take Air. I commend my self to you, to you I surrender and devote my self; humour the Fury, lest by Opposition it encrease the more. Take care to bring us together, by which means the Ardour may decrease and prove more tolerable. You know the Avenues of the House; when the Husband is absent, and how you can introduce me. The Husband's Brother must be observ'd; who is too quick sighted in these Affairs; and watches Lucretia, as a Fort belonging to his Brother, and guards her with greater Care: he carefully considers, and weighs all that Lucretia says or does, her turning away, her Sighs, her Spitting, her Cough, and her Laughter or Smiles; this Man we must deceive, and can we do it without your Assistance! stand by
me,

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me, therefore, and introduce me to her in her Husband's Absence, and amuse the Brother, and remove him from being so close a Sentinel about her in his Absence; or join more Spies to him. He'll confide in you, and, which I hope, he will commit her to your Charge; which if you undertake, and prove my Friend in, your Reward shall be present! For you may introduce me in the Night when all are asleep, and so soothe and abate the Fury of our Love.

Out of this what Advantage will arise to you, I I hope is evident to your Prudence; you will in the first place save the Honour of your House, keeping that a Secret, which cannot be known without your Infamy: You will save your Cousin's Life, and Menelaus his Wife. To whom one Night given to me without any Bodies knowing it, will not be so great an Evil, as for her, before all the World, to run after me into my Country. Hippia the Wife of a Roman Senator, run away with Libdus to Pharos, and the Nile, and the Noble Walls of Laius. What if Lucretia shou'd follow me, a Man of Power in my own Country? What disgrace wou'd it be to your Family? What a Jest to the People? What an Infamy not only to your House but to your City? I know some wou'd say, she ought rather to be stab'd or poison'd, than do any such matter. But wo be him that wou'd pollute his Hands with humane gore, and punish a smaller with a greater Wickedness! Crimes are not to be heighten'd but lessen'd. We know that of Goods we ought to chose the best, of an Evil and Good, the Good; but of two Evils, the least every way is full of Danger: but that which I point out is the safest; by which you not only secure your Family, but oblige me extremely, who am almost distracted to think, that I am the Cause of so many Torments to Lucretia, who I had rather shou'd hate me, than ask you such a Favour. But this is our Condition, this the desperate State of our Affairs, that we have no hopes of any safety to our Vessel, unless you become the Pilot, and save it by your Address,
Care

Care and Judgment. Assist, therefore, both me and her, and preserve your House from Blemish. Nor think me ingrateful; you know my Interest with the Emperor, whatever you desire I'll engage he shall grant you. This I promise you first, and give you my Word for it, you shall be made a Count Palatine, which Title shall descend to all your Posterity. I commit to you, and your Care and Fidelity, Lucretia, and my self, and our Love, the Fame and Reputation, and the Honour of your Kindred. You are the Judge of the Matter, and all these things lie wholly in your Breast. Consider what you do, it is in your Power to preserve or destroy them.

Pandalus smil'd at what he heard, and after a little pause made this Reply. I am not unacquainted, Eurialus, with this Affair, and wish it never had happen'd; yet it is come now to that pass, that I must do as you desire me, or suffer my Family to fall under the greatest Blemish and Scandal imaginable. As you say, the Woman is out of her Senses with the fury of Love; and if I do not assist her, she will stab her self, or throw her self headlong out of the Window; she has no longer any Care of her Life or her Reputation. She told me her self of her Passion, I check'd and reprimanded her, I endeavour'd to abate the Flame, but I cou'd make no Progress in the Cure, she values nothing but you; you are always in her Head; you she seeks; you she desires; and of you only she thinks; she often calling to me, cries, I prithee, Eurialus, hear me, The Woman is so alter'd by Love, that you wou'd not take her for the same Person. Alas! there was never a Lady in this City more Chast and Prudent, than Lucretia: 'tis to me a very strange thing, that Nature shou'd give such a Power to Love o'er the Minds of Mankind. This Distemper must be cur'd, but there is no remedy but what you have express'd. I will apply my self to the Discharge of this Office, and will give you notice when Time gives an Opportunity; nor

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do I seek any Favour of you, because an honest Man ought not to seek a Favour till he has deserv'd it. For my Part, I undertake this to prevent the Infamy of our Family, in which Zeal if you find your Account, I challenge no Love on that Score.

However, said Eurialus, even for that I am indebted to you, and I will take Care you shall be made a Count Palatine as I said, provided you do not despise the Dignity. ——— No, I do not despise it, (said Pandalus) But I will not have it proceed from this; if it come freely let it come, and Welcome, I ask not on any Conditions. Cou'd you have come to Lucretia without your knowing, that I was concern'd in it, I shou'd have acted with more Willingness. Farewell ——— Farewell, reply'd Eurialus.

Pandalus went away with his Heart brimful of Joy, both because he had got the Favour of so great a Man, and because he hop'd to see himself a Count Palatine, of which Dignity he was so much the more desirous, as he endeavour'd to seem less; for some Men are like Women, who when they refuse with the greatest Earnestness desire it most. He had an Earldom for a Reward of his Pimping, and Posterity will show the Golden Bull as a Proof of his Nobility.

There are several Steps and Degrees, my *Marians*, in Nobility; if you seek into the Rise of them, you will find none, in my Opinion, or very few, that came not from a Criminal Original. For when we find those call'd Noble, who abound in Wealth, and Wealth is very rarely the Companion of Virtue, 'tis visible to all that the Rise of Nobility is degenerate and base. This Man is made rich by Usury, that by Rapine, a third by Treason, and the spoils of his Country. This Man grows rich by Poison and Murder, that by Flattery; this Man by the Adulterous Corruption of Wives; that by Lyes and Perjuries; some gather

ther Riches by Marriage; some by their own Children. But Riches are very rarely got with Justice. Men rake and scrape abundance of Riches together, nor care whence they come provided they come in Abundance. This Verse pleases all,

*No Man asks whence your Riches you derive,
But to have Riches is necessary —*

When the Bags are full, then Nobility is sought, which thus obtain'd, is only the Reward of Iniquity. My Ancestors were call'd Noblemen, but I will not flatter my self, I do not think they came one jot more honestly by it, than others, who have only Antiquity for their excuse and Safe-guard, their Vices being now quite forgot. It's my Opinion,

No Man is Noble, but he that Loves Virtue.

I am not dazl'd with Golden Garments, Horses, Dogs, a long Train of Servants, Splendid Tables, Marble Palaces, Villas, Fish-ponds, Manours, Jurisdctions, Woods, Groves, &c. for a Fool may have all these, and such a one whoever calls Noble, is himself a Fool. *Our Pandalus was made a Nobleman for Pimping.*

A few Days after this there happen'd a Broil among the Country Servants of *Menelaus*, and some that had drank more, than they shou'd, were kill'd; so that to put things in Order, there was a necessity for *Menelaus* to go thither. Then said *Lucretia*, ' My Dear, you are an Old Man and Infirm, your Horses go hard, and are fiery, borrow one of a more gentle Pace. With all my Heart, reply'd he, but where shall I get one. Oh, said *Pandalus*, *Eurialus* has the best in *Europe*, and he'll certainly lend it you if you'll let me ask him. On

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Menelaus Request *Eurialus* sent him his Horse. And took it as the harbinger of his Joy.

It was agreed, that *Eurialus* shou'd be in the Street about the fifth Hour of the Night, and if he heard *Pandalus* Sing, he shou'd have Hopes of Success. *Menelaus* was gone, and the dusky Shades of Night had obscur'd the Hemisphere, when the Lady lay full of Expectation in her Bed. *Eurialus* was before the Door, but heard neither singing nor any other sign of Hope. The Hour was now past, and *Achates* perswaded *Eurialus* to return Home, and that he was impos'd on.

'Twas a hard task for a Lover, full of desire, to quit the Rendezouz of Delight, while any Hope remain'd, so he made sometimes one, and sometimes another excuse for Delay. The Reason that *Pandalus* did not Sing, was because the Brother of *Menelaus* stay'd in the House, and search'd ev'ry quarter, least there shou'd be any design on Foot, and so past the Night without Sleep. To whom at last said *Pandalus*, Shall we not go to bed to Night? 'tis now past Midnight, and I begin to be drowsie, I wonder you, that are a Young Man should have the Nature of an old Man, whose dryness robs them of sleep, who never sleep till a little before Day when other People are about to rise. Come let us go to bed, to what end are these Watchings? Well if you will have it so (reply'd *Agamemnon*) but first let us see that all the Doors are fast against Thieves, and so went to the Door, and added Bars to Bolts. There was there a mighty Bar of Iron, which two Men cou'd scarce lift up, with which the Door was never us'd to be fasten'd; which when *Agamemnon* cou'd not lift up.—Come, said he, *Pandalus*, help me to put on this Bar, and then we'll go to Bed.

Eurialus

Eurialus heard all this Discourse, and said to himself, if this Bar be put up, there is an end of this Nights Adventure. — *What's the matter* (said *Pandalus*) *with you Agamemnon, you are taking as much Care as if the House was to be besieg'd! and we not safe in the City? Here is Liberty and Quiet to every Body; and our Enemys the Florentines, with whom we are at War, are a great way off. If you fear Thieves, we are strong enough against them; if Enemies, what can protect you in this House? For my part, I shall not undertake any such Labour, I am too weak a bursten, and not fit for Burthens; if you can do it your self, you may, if not, let it alone. Well, well, 'tis enough said Agamemnon, and so went to Bed.*

Well (said *Eurialus*) *I'll stay here one hour longer, and see if any one will open the Door. Achates was quite tir'd out with attending, and curs'd Eurialus in his Mind, for keeping him so long out of his Bed. They had not stay'd long, but he discover'd Lucretia through a Crevice, carrying in her Hand a little Light; going towards it, he call'd to her, my Lucretia, my Soul, said he; she at first frighten'd, was running away, but recollecting her self, she ask'd him who he was? I am your Eurialus, (said she) open the Door, my Pleasure, my Delight, I wait for thee here now till Midnight. Lucretia knew the Voice, but for fear of being deceiv'd, she durst not open the Door, till he had given the secret Sign known only to themselves. After this with abundance of Pains she remov'd the Bars and Bolts, but there being many Iron Chains, &c. beyond the Female strength to remove, she cou'd not get it above half a foot Wide. Not shall this, said he, hinder my Entrance, so throwing himself on his Right side, he made his way in, and caught her in his Arms. Achates stay'd without in the Seditinel's Post. Then*

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Lucretia, either out of Fear or Joy fell into a swoon in *Eurialus's* Arms, her Eyes shut, her Visage grew pale, and perfectly like one Dead, but that she had Heat, and a Pulse.

Eurialus being struck with the suddain misfortune, knew not what to do in the Case; if he went away, he might be the Death of the Lady; if he stay'd, he might fall into the Hands of *Agamemnon*, or some other of the Family, and so perish himself. But Honour and Love prevail'd with him to stay with her, and take care of her Recovery, wherefore lifting her up, and bending her forward, and kissing her Cheeks, on which his Tears flow'd, he call'd to her, *my Lucretia, where art thou? where are thy Ears? Why dost thou not answer me? open thy Eyes, and look on me as thou art wont to do. I thy Eurialus am here embracing thee, my Soul; speak, speak my Life, my Love, my Joy.*—Speaking this and the like, he let fall a shower of Tears on her Face, by which being rous'd, she came to her self, as waking from a profound sleep, and seeing her Lover by her, *Alas! my Eurialus* (said she) *Where have I been? Why did you not let me go gently away? I shou'd have died happily in your Arms, oh! may I so perish before you leave this City!* After some such Mutual pathetick Discourse, they went to the Bed Chamber, where they pass'd such a Night, as we believe that to be, that bewitched the two Lovers, when *Paris* had born *Helena* away in his Trojan Ships; nay the Night was such, that both Parties asserted, that *Mars* and *Venus* never had one of greater Pleasure. Says *Lucretia*, you are my *Ganymede*, my *Hippolytus*, and my *Diomedes*. You are to me, reply'd *Eurialus*, *Polyxena*, *Amylia*, and *Venus* her self. Now he prais'd her Mouth, now her Eyes, and throwing off the Sheet sometimes he survey'd all the secret Charms he had not seen before. I find more (said he) than I cou'd expect;

expect ; such was *Diana*, seen in the Fountain by *Alceon*. What can be more Beautiful, what more White than these Limbs ! Now I am overpaid for all I have undergone ; and what indeed shou'd one not undergo to come to this Bliss ? oh ! charming Bosom ! Now Death wou'd be more easy and welcome while yet the Joy is fresh and unfaded, that no Calamity intervene. My Soul, do I hold thee in my Arms, or do I Dream ? Is this Pleasure real, or is it a pleasing fit of Madness, that leads me into such a Visionary Elizium ? It is no Dream ! it is no Madness ! it is all Reality ! oh ! delicious Kisses ! and charming Embraces ! no Man is so Happy, none so Blest as I am. But oh ! the swift Hours ! Why fly'st thou so fast, invidious Night ? Stay *Phœbus*, in the Arms of *Thetis*, and give me such a Night, as you gave *Jove* and *Alcmæna*. Never knew I so short a Night, tho' I have been in *Britain* and *Dacia*. To this purpose spoke *Eurialus* : nor was *Lucretia* silent, or let either Word or Kiss pass by unrewarded ; he strain'd her in a strict Embrace, and she him ; Enjoyment lessen'd not their Vigour. But as the Sons of the Earth rose more strong from their Fall, so they from their Wounds gather'd more Strength and Alacrity.

The Night being now spent they parted at break of Day, nor cou'd they meet after many Days, every one redoubling their Guards. But Love overcame all things, and at last found a way for the Meeting of the Lovers, which they were sure to make use of. In the mean time the Emperour, now reconcil'd to Pope *Eugenius*, made some speed in his Departure for *Rome*. *Lucretia* was sensible of this, for what does not Love Discover ? or who can deceive a Lover ? She therefore writes to him this Letter.

Lucretia's

Lucretia's Letter to Eurialus.

'COU'D my Soul ever be angry with you, this
 ' would be the Time, that all shou'd con-
 ' ceal your Departure; but my Spirit is fonder of
 ' you, than of these, and no cause can provoke
 ' it against you. Alas! my Heart! Why did
 ' you not tell me of the Emperour's Departure?
 ' He is preparing for his Journey, and I am too
 ' sensible, that you will not stay behind: Oh!
 ' What do you design to do with me? Oh!
 ' Wretch, that I am, what shall I do? Where
 ' shall I find Repose? If you leave me, I will
 ' not live a Day. I beg you by this Letter all
 ' wet with my Tears, by your Right Hand,
 ' and your plighted Faith, if I have deserv'd
 ' any thing at your Hands, or any thing, that
 ' I have was ever dear, or pleasing to you,
 ' take Compassion of a miserable Lover! I de-
 ' sire you not to stay here, but ah! take me
 ' with you. I will pretend in the Evening to go
 ' visit the Chappel of *Bethlehem*, attended only by
 ' one old Woman, let but two or three of your
 ' Servants be there to receive me, there is no
 ' great Difficulty of the Rape, where the party
 ' gives her Consent. Do not think it unwor-
 ' thy of you, since the Son of *Priam*, provided him-
 ' self a spouse by a Rape. You will do no in-
 ' jury to my Husband, for he shall lose me entire-
 ' ly; for if you deny me, Death shall deprive
 ' him of me. But be not you so cruel, nor leave
 ' me behind you, who have always preferr'd you
 ' to my self.

To

To this Eurialus return'd this Answer.

THAT I have thus long conceal'd my Departure, my *Lucretia*, has been because you should not give way to Grief before there was a Necessity. I know your Temper, you are too apt to give way to Sorrow, and to vex your self on every Occasion. The Emperor is not going from hence, never to return to this City any more. It is our direct Road into our Country. But if the Emperour take some other Road, you may depend on it, I will return if I live. May the Powers above deny me a Sight of my own Country, but make me such an unhappy Wanderer as *Ulysses*, if I do not come hither again. Recover, therefore, your self, my Soul, and take new Courage; do not rack your self with fruitless Tortures, but rather live with Joy and Satisfaction. As for the Rape you propose, ---there can nothing be more desirable, and agreeable to me, than to have you always with me, and enjoy you at my Will and Liberty, but I ought rather to consult your Honour, than my Pleasure. For that Trust, which you have repos'd in me, Demands of me faithful Counsel, and just to your Interest. You know that you are of great Quality your self, and marry'd into an Eminent Family. You have the Reputation of the most Beautiful, and most Chast Lady in *Sienna*; your Fame is not confin'd to this City or *Italy*, for it reaches the *Germans*, *Hungarians*, *Bohemians*, and all the Northern Nations.

But shou'd I commit a Rape on your Person; I take no Notice of my Disgrace, that I con'd easily bear for your sake, but what ignominy wou'd it bring necessarily on your Relations? What Agonies wou'd you give your Mother? What wou'd
be

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' be said of you? What Noise wou'd there be
 ' about you in this City? it wou'd be said, See,
 ' that Lucretia, who was look'd on as Chaster, than
 ' the Wife of Brutus, better than Penelope, follows
 ' her Gallant about, forgetful of her Family, Parents
 ' and Country; this was not Lucretia, but Hippia,
 ' or Medæa following Jason. Alas! I cannot ex-
 ' press the Grief I feel, when I reflect that such a
 ' thing should be said of thee. Our Amour is
 ' yet a Secret, nor is there any one but Praises
 ' you; but a Rape wou'd destroy all; nor had you
 ' ever so much Praise as you wou'd then have
 ' Scandal and Curses. But let us set aside Re-
 ' putation and Honour; and what does not Con-
 ' tribute to the Enjoyment of our Love let us
 ' not value. I am the Emperors Servant; 'twas
 ' he that made me a Man of Power and Riches, nor
 ' can I leave him without immediate Ruin; and
 ' shou'd I forsake him, I cou'd not have you with
 ' decency; if I follow the Court, you wou'd have
 ' no Rest; we move our Camp ev'ry Day; the
 ' Emperor never stay'd so long in one place, as he
 ' has now in *Sienna*, which was the effect of the
 ' necessity of the War. Wou'd it be Honourable
 ' for either you, or me to carry you about in the
 ' Camp as a publick Woman? I beg you, my dear
 ' *Lucretia*, to lay aside all these wild Thoughts,
 ' and consult your self more, than your Passion.
 ' Another Lover perhaps wou'd persuade other
 ' Matters; he wou'd urge you to a Flight, that
 ' he might abuse you as long as he cou'd without
 ' any Regard to Futurity, as long as he satisfy'd
 ' his present desire; but he is no true Lover, that
 ' consults more his own Lust, than his Mistresses
 ' Reputation and Honour. For my part, my *Lu-*
 ' *cretia*, I give you safe Advice. Stay where you
 ' are, nor doubt of my Return. I will take Care
 ' to get the Administration of the *Tuscan* Affairs
 ' into

' into my Hands, and then I shall take Care to enjoy
' your Charms without prejudice to your Hap-
' piness. Farewel, Live, Love, nor think my
' Passion less, than yours, nor believe but, that I
' leave this place with the utmost Reluctance.
' Adieu again, my Delight, the Food of my Soul.

Lucretia was satisfy'd with this, and promis'd to do what he had desir'd.

In a few Days after, *Eurialus* went with the Emperour to *Rome*; Where he had not been long but he fell Sick of a Fever; unhappy indeed, to have the additional Fire of a Fever, to that of Love. And when Love had sufficiently weaken'd him, the Pains of a Distemper coming on, left Life but weak footing, which indeed seem'd rather to be held by the force of the Physicians Medicines, than really to abide in him. The Emperour was with him ev'ry Day, and took as much Care of him, as if he had been his Son, ordering all the Medicinal Art to be try'd for his Recovery; to which nothing so much contributed, as a Letter from *Lucretia*, by which he understood, that she was alive and well. This a little mitigated his Fever, and gave him Force to get on his Legs again, so as to be present at the Emperor's Coronation, where he was enter'd a Soldier, and receiv'd the Golden Spur.

After which when the Emperour went to *Perusium*, he stay'd at *Rome* for the perfect Establishment of his Health. Whence he return'd to *Sienna*, tho' yet weak and very thin. But his Misfortune was, that he cou'd only see, not speak to *Lucretia*. Many Letters past betwixt them, and her Flight was again the subject of their Debate. *Eurialus* stay'd there three Days, but finding all Approaches stop'd up, he inform'd her of his Departure. The sweets of their Conversation
had

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had not so much Pleasure, as this parting gave them Pain. *Lucretia* was plac'd in her Window, and *Eurialus* on his Horse in the Streets, each casting their Eyes full of Tears on each other. The one wept, the other wept, one common Grief rag'd in the Breast of each, feeling their very Hearts tore from their Seats by Violence.

Let him, that is Ignorant of the pangs of Death, reflect on the Agonies of the parting Lovers; tho' the later is a Grief of greater Intensity, and a more exquisit Torture. In Death the Soul grieves to part with its belov'd Body; but the Body when the Soul is fled, neither grieves nor feels pain. But in the separation of two united Hearts encreases, and continues in proportion to the Love of the united. A common paleness usurp'd both their Faces, and drove the Blood, to supply Spirits, to their Hearts; and had it not been, that they wept and sigh'd, they wou'd have been taken for dead. Who can write or express the Pangs of their Minds, that has not been infected a little with their Madness. When *Protesilaus* set out for the War of *Troy*, *Laodamia* sunk down on the shoar pale and lifeless; and when she had heard of her Husband's Death, she wou'd not survive him. *Dido* on the Departure of *Aeneas* kill'd her self; nor wou'd *Porcia* outlive the Death of *Brutus*. Our *Lucretia*, as soon as ever *Eurialus* was gone out of sight, sunk down on the Floor, whence by her Servants remov'd to the Bed, she lay till she came again to her self. Being now reviv'd, she threw aside her rich Cloaths and Ornaments from that time forward, and never dress'd, or was ever heard to sing or laugh; nor cou'd any Pleasantry, Joy, or Diversion ever stir her up to Mirth.

Continuing this Course of Melancholy, in a little time she fell ill; and her Heart being absent, in the midst of the Tears and Sorrows of her Mother, she gave up the Ghost. When *Eurialus* was gone out of *Lucretia's* sight, he past on his Journey without speaking one Word to any of his Company; his Mind being wholly taken up with *Lucretia* alone, and how he shou'd compass his Return to this place, till he came to the Emperour at *Perusium*, whom he afterwards attended to *Ferrara*, *Mantua*, *Trent*, *Constance*, *Basil*, and lastly into *Hungary* and *Bobemia*. But as he follow'd *Cæsar*, so did *Lucretia* follow him wherever he went, awake, and in his sleep, no Night free from Cures on her Account. And the true Lover hearing of her Death, immediately put on Mourning, full of a real, not a formal Sorrow; nor could he admit of any Consolation, till at last, the Emperour provided him with a young Virgin, of a Noble House for a Wife, as Eminent for Chastity as Beauty.

Thus, my dear Friend, *Marianus*, you have the Event of a Love, neither Fictitious nor happy, which those, that read, shou'd turn to their own Advantage, by making Use of the Hazards of others for their own Improvement; and so thirst not after the Draught of Love, which has always more Aloes than Honey. Farewel.

From Vienna the 15th of the Nones of July 1444.

F I N I S.